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LITERATURE.

With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Trübner.)

In this volume Sir Edwin Arnold endeavours, by presenting a Persian paraphrase amid exquisitely appropriate surroundings, to render its charm intelligible to Western readers. There is a want of proportion in Eastern poetry, an exaggeration of mysticism in its mystic masterpieces and of voluptuousness in its Anacreontic odes, rather wearisome to the non-oriental mind. Few, I suspect, come to the end even of Umar Khayyam's quatrains without a feeling of relief. His rhapsodies of love and wine, his delicate wit, his branding satire, his plaintive despondency, make the individual epigrams stand out as gems, and harmonise well with a cynical mood. But to be enjoyed by a healthy nature they must be taken in small quantities. The comparison of that Eastern iconoclast to Voltaire always seems superficial. The two masters treat the same themes in such a way as to produce a profoundly different effect on the Western mind. Umar Khayyam, even at his best, soon tires: Voltaire, when near his best, never.

Is our sense of disproportion in oriental poetry the result of transposing it to a false perspective? We pluck its beauties out of their soft Eastern setting, and thrust them down amid the hard actualities of European life. How would Mr Alma Tadema's Greek girls look if dissociated from his marble pavements, and seated with their lyres in ornate chairs on one of Mr. Orchardson's parquet floors? Can the exaggerated sentiment which we detect in Eastern poetry be toned down, and its faults in proportion be remedied, by replacing it in its natural surroundings, by enabling us to listen to Ferdusi in the palace of Mahmud, or to Hafiz in the gardens of Shiraz?

To this question Sir Edwin Arnold's new book affords a satisfactory answer. He has taken the third chapter of the "Bostan" or Fruit Garden of Sa'di, and recited it by the mouth of a venerable Munshi, amid a scene more lovely and more pathetic than ever entered the imagination of Sa'di himself—the Taj by moonlight, that dream in marble soaring up from its garden of cypresses and flowers and gleaming water, with the Mirza to read, the Sahib to listen, and two accomplished dancing girls to enliven the performance by interludes of music and song. It would indeed be impossible to conceive a more appropriate setting for a poem of Love and Death. The surroundings tend, if possible, to still further etherealise an intensely ethereal poet. The "orient pearls at random strung," which Sir William Jones found in Hafiz, have, in the Fruit Garden of Sa'di, as

many hidden meanings to Sir Edwin Arnold as if he were an adept in the occult science of gems. This method of treatment will commend itself to theosophic students who see in Hafiz and Sa'di the prophets of Pantheism against Islam, and elaborate their loves and revels into the fine spun allegories of Sufism. But in the case of Hafiz we lose sight of the real man—of the animal side of a nature which broke out in wine-bibbing and many a loose frolic—if we read all he wrote through transcendental spectacles. Hafiz cannot always be taken seriously; and the indefinable charm of his genius consists in the very circumstance that he does not always seem to know whether he intends to be taken seriously or not. "Sugar-cane Stem," whom he loved and sang, was a girl of unmistakable flesh and blood; the liquor which he drank overnight was not an unfermented beverage, but could leave behind a very realistic headache for next morning. Sa'di lends himself more legitimately to transcendental treatment. His earlier odes may deal with the actual pleasures of love and life as known to ordinary mortals. But his later works are unquestionably the outpourings of a saddened and chastened heart; of a man worn with travel, who had drunk deep of solitude and tasted of captivity. Sir Edwin Arnold has chosen the true didactic poet of Persia for his high discourse in the Taj. The transcendentalism of Sa'di is a genuine transcendentalism—a trying of pinions in the supreme flights of human yearning and of human thought. From these materials Sir Edwin Arnold has woven a beautiful and masterly poem. Over the whole rests the spell of the moonlit mausoleum amid the cypresses, as the Munshi expounds the

"Grave secrets, hid in subtle verse
Of Hafiz, underneath that merry veil
Of 'Taverns,' 'Wine-Cups,' and the 'Magian Boy.'"

Perhaps the most charming part of the book is Sir Edwin Arnold's introductory description of the Taj. That wondrous offering of an emperor's sorrow to the woman he loved stands unique among the buildings of the world. Artists have painted it, architects have praised it, critics have carped at it, generation after generation of travellers of many nations and creeds have come and stood before it, and carried away the memory of the most beautiful thing that they have seen in their lives.

"But the proud passion of an Emperor's love
Wrought into living stone,"

has never been so worthily rendered in verse as by the opening passages of this poem. The following lines are selected at intervals, and scarcely do justice to the picture which Sir Edwin Arnold has drawn with patient hand and eye upon the spot.

"Ah, the white wonder! have there been who
came
And gazed, and laid staff and surveying chain
Along thy sacred sides, fairest of fanes!
Who with yard-rule would count the inches off
From Aphrodite's Parian majesty,
And stretch tape o'er Elysian asphodel.
He hath not eyes to see whose eyes have seen
The glory of the beauty of the Taj,
Nor knew and felt, at seeing, how man's hand
Comes nearest God's herein, touching His charm
Of rounded silvery clouds in that poised Dome
Which hangs between the sky's blue and the
stream's."

A passion, and a worship, and a faith,
Writ fast in alabaster.

Oh, friends! verse is too bold seeking to tell
How beautiful this Eastern tomb doth rise.
How fair by sun or moonlight, how superb
This house of Love and Death—all lily-white
In the green garden upon Jumna's shore!
The city, swarming past the river's bend,
Wafts no noise here; far off you may discern
The bridge of boats, the Fort's red wall, the
Domes—

Three pearly foam-bells—of the Mosque of
Pearl

Suspended o'er those distant parapets;
Ram-Bagh; the tall palm-groves by Akbar's
grave;

And Akbar's judgment-terrace. Here the
stream—

Yamuna, silver daughter of the Sun—
Glides broad and silent, washing sandy flats
And ancient water-gates. By avenues
Of neem and *palsa*; past low huts of mat,
Gay painted country-dwellings, topes, and wells,
Temples, and little shrines where gilded gods
Squat with crossed legs—Balkrishna, Hanuman;
By pan and bangle shops, by weaving-grounds,
By creaking Persian wheels, rice fields, and
tanks,

Winds the cantonment-way, made populous
With tread of patient feet, which come and go
Doing the errands of their placid day.
You meet the brown-limbed laden coolie girls,
The ekkas with full freight of pots and wives,
The camels stalking slow, the palanquins,
The belted peon, the sweetmeat man, the ox
Grave-pacing with his spirting water-skins;
The spangled dancing-girls, the fishermen,
Byrdgis, *sepoys*, *hamals*, jungle-folk,
The people of an Agra afternoon:

When, suddenly, wheels stop, bridles are drawn,
One cries, 'The Taj' . . . the 'Exalted one'—
Queen of her Sultan's heart, and Hindostan—
Here by her lord and lover laid to sleep.
And here, too, sleeps the stately king who
planned

This splendour for his sorrow. * * *
"First a proud archway, reared of rosy stone
Banded with marble; and a frontal wall
Crowned by low cupolas. The domi-vault
Of entry towers aloft, framing huge space
Of azure heaven, broad groined with span and
rib

In marbles brown and white. * * *
" * * * Through the vaulted door opens to sight
A glorious garden, green for ever green,
Since hither comes no harsh or biting time,
With cypress intermixed ranged all the way
On either border of the broad paved path,
Like sentinels of honour. From the gate
Straight to the threshold of the Taj Mahe!
Those trees of mourning marshall you. * * *
"Led thus by sombre cypresses and lines
Of dancing water-jets, and lillied tanks,
And glistening garden-causeway, the gaze lights
On that great tomb, rising prodigious, still,
Matchless, perfect in form, a miracle
Of grace, and tenderness, and symmetry,
Pearl pure against the sapphire of the sky."

Space precludes us from quoting the finely wrought picture of the Taj itself which follows. For much as we feel the injustice of selecting individual lines in trying to give some idea of its approach, the wrong would be greater if the process were extended to a building whose essential feature is an exquisite and a perfect unity. The main body of the poem consists of recitals from Sa'di's Fruit Garden under the shadow of the Taj—a poetical paraphrase in regard to which Sir Edwin Arnold makes ample and well-earned acknowledgements to the prose-rendering by Captain Wilberforce Clarke. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with the most graceful form which can be given to esoteric Sufism, should study these poems. The multitude of readers, who take the East less seriously, will find them full of that

gentle mingling of realism and reflection, at once dreamy and despondent yet warm and human, which has given the Persian poets of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries their subtle hold upon Americans and Englishmen of our own day. Nor upon the Western races of mankind only. For a semi-religious semi-literary society of Hindus has just published, at Benares, an edition of Sa'di's other great collection of poems—The Gulistan or Rose Garden. The appearance of a Muhammadan masterpiece under the auspices and at the expense of a Hindu association in the Sacred City of the Hindus is truly a sign of the times. Nor is it less significant that the Persian poet is rendered by the Hindu society not into Hindi, but, in the words of the title-page, is "faithfully translated into English."

It is scarcely possible to open Sir Edwin Arnold's version of Sa'di without finding something that one would like to quote. Here are the first verses from the long poem on "The True Lover," in which, of course, the esoteric school see a more transcendental meaning even than that which lies on the surface, and which may well enough suffice for us.

"Fair go the days of them that drink Love's wine,
Mighty and maddening! 'Tis a bliss divine,
Whether they suffer separation's anguish,
Or taste propinquity's sweet medicine.

"Earth's kingdoms shunning, these true Sultans
be!

Rags of the prison wearing, these pass free
In changeless royal robes invisible,
For union's sake enduring poverty."

In a similar vein another poem runs:

"Shunners of earth there be beneath our sky,
Half angels, half wood creatures, wild and shy;
Like those, they rest not from remembering
Heaven,
Like those, by day and night from men they fly.

"No expectation of the people's praise
Have these. Enough that God accepts their
ways,
Enough He holds them dear, His Darvishes
Who without wool or waist cord pass pure
days."

"The True Lover," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "The Bountiful Giver," who gives his all, "The Alchemist" who throws his last piece of gold into the crucible—every type of unconquerable belief and of unshaken fidelity pass as a long procession of The Faithful through these poems. The perusal of them has something of the effect of a change of climate. We open the book, and forthwith leave behind our modern practical life, to find ourselves in a spiritual region of yearning, and ecstasy, and high-strung devotion. We close it, and come back to our work-a-day world with a feeling as if we had been breathing a softer and purer air.

W. W. HUNTER.

A Memoir of Henry Bradshaw. By G. W. Prothero. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"Those who felt the charm of Henry Bradshaw's personal presence will most easily understand the difficulty of presenting to those who did not know him an adequate portrait of his character." Thus writes Mr. Prothero in the preface to his memoir. Yet the portrait he gives of this quiet man of books, with his wide heart and strong intellect, with his quaint, loveable habits—"his very faults had something loveable in

them"—will attract wide sympathy outside the number of his personal friends. Those who never knew the wealth of his friendship will readily realise with Mr. Prothero's guidance the genial scholar mid the litter of his books and papers, surrounded by all sorts and conditions of men:

"He never seemed to select his friends; they were drawn to him by some mysterious affinity, having often nothing in common but their liking for him. Athletes and students, senior classics and pollmen, young dandies with faultless collars, and sizars whose outward man told only too plainly of the *res angusta domi*, distinguished persons whose name was in every one's mouth, together with the retiring and unknown, sat on the same sofa and forgot their differences in the halo of his presence."

That much of Henry Bradshaw's influence was personal, and not the outcome of his writings, is clearly brought out by this memoir. We see large schemes of work planned—editions of Chaucer and Wyclif, histories of early printing, of breviaries or cathedral statutes—but little apparently completed. Masses of material are collected into voluminous notebooks stretching over a long range of years; bibliography and palaeography become sciences in the master-mind, ready to reveal the history of the past; the linguistic knowledge and the topographical knowledge of MSS. and books widen with the years, till the late Cambridge librarian seemed able to lay his hand on any written or printed matter the student might require wherever it might be preserved in Europe, and in addition to read it, when he had taken it up. The whole apparatus possible to the man of learning was collected to an extent which surprised even the most specialised of foreign scholars; and then, with his task apparently scarcely begun, Henry Bradshaw dies, and his biographer can only set as his epitaph the lines:

"This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

It seems to be the sad fate of mortals that each should plough and sow, but when the harvest is ripe, the sower be not there to reap where none but he can garner for the after-time. Many years it may be before the field is tilled again, and a like fate may perchance meet the new worker. What a small fraction of men's knowledge is ever handed down in books, what stores are made and lost in each generation, only to be remade and lost again in the next!

Mr. Prothero endeavours to explain the paucity of Bradshaw's published work by his "procrastination"—a peculiar kind of "chronic paralysis of the will," such as Bradshaw described himself as afflicted with when he was asked to return an interesting book. But there seems to have been other more potent causes at work—foremost, his determination "never to take anything at secondhand," as he said himself of accounts of books given by bibliographers whom the majority would implicitly follow. Henry Bradshaw always doubted till he had handled book or MS. himself; and if he did not then correct others' accounts, he invariably added new and often important features which had hitherto escaped notice. In the next place, we have the time taken up by his duties as university librarian, which post he occupied from 1867 to the time of his death.

It would appear that he frequently thought of resigning his post with the object of giving undivided attention to his literary researches. Thus he writes in 1877:

"I cannot go on at the library much longer, and then, if I live, I ought to bring out some of the many things for which I have been collecting materials all these years; otherwise they will never come to anything."

His duties as librarian were incompatible with much private work; yet, when we read of the oft-repeated help to other students, we cannot but feel that his devotion to those duties enabled him to do more real work—unselfish work—for aftertime than if he had published a complete edition of Chaucer. A friend remembers taking to him a version of a mediaeval Latin hymn printed from a Cambridge MS., with a view to the elucidation of certain obscure passages. Bradshaw made several suggestions, and next day sent a German reprint of the MS. Most of the suggestions appeared as footnotes to the text, but the fly-leaf bore a dedication to "Henry Bradshaw." This we believe to be only one out of several German works dedicated to him for the really editorial help he had given in their production.

It must not, however, be supposed that because Bradshaw did not live to fulfil all the great schemes of work he had planned in his earlier years he yet left no contributions to his favourite studies. Even the published papers, a bibliography of which Mr. Prothero gives in Appendix iii., represent no small amount of original work and sound criticism. The bibliography ought, perhaps, to have included the "Half-Century of Notes on the Day-book of John Dorne," which Mr. Prothero refers to on pp. 319-320. These manuscript notes presented to Mr. Madan have been reproduced in facsimile; and besides their interest to Henry Bradshaw's personal friends, owing to the circumstances of their origin, they contain a mine of lore with regard to mediaeval writers and their works.

The diversity as well as depth of Bradshaw's researches are well brought out in Mr. Prothero's eleventh chapter, which contains a survey of his literary labours in various branches of study:

"The chief of these branches were bibliography, especially, perhaps, that of Irish literature; palaeography, and the study of manuscripts in general; Celtic antiquities; ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly mediaeval service-books and cathedral organisation; early English literature, especially the works of Chaucer; and the early history of printing" (p. 323).

One of Mr. Bradshaw's "discoveries" seems to have escaped Mr. Prothero's notice, and is of sufficient importance to be recorded here. We refer to the fragments of an Antwerp edition of Hinrek van Alkmer's version of *Reinaert*, published by Gerard Leue, in the eighties of the fifteenth century. These important fragments are now in the Cambridge Library. They demonstrate with absolute completeness that the Low German *Reinke Vos*—well known to English readers from Goethe's translation—had its origin in Hinrek van Alkmer's work, thus completing the last link of the chain from Goethe to the early mediaeval Latin fabulists.

Although, as a boy, Bradshaw had an instinctive love of books, yet his tendency

towards mediaeval studies appears to have become definite during the year of his school-mastership at St. Columba's. While aroused, as all men of that day were, by the ritualistic controversies, while sympathising to a very great extent with a movement which at least brought a more accurate historical scholarship into the Church, he was yet not carried away by the theological torrent. It taught him to appreciate and understand the spirit and the work of the "dark ages," but it left him free from the dogmatism of any Church party. When we examine Bradshaw's Irish acquaintances and consider the influence they each may have had on the direction of his studies, we are compelled to attribute a very large share to his friend Dr. Todd. Dr. Todd belonged to the same school as Mr. Maitland, and was one of those scholarly Churchmen and historians whom to have produced is the special merit of the High Church movement. Incited to historical investigation by the various astounding myths which, since the age of the Reformation, have enveloped the origin of Waldensian, Lollard, and other sects, these High Church scholars, notwithstanding their party prejudices, succeeded in throwing a real historical light upon many difficult periods of mediaeval development. Their "appeal to history" might indeed be for party purposes; but their researches into original sources were almost invariably marked by real scholarship and erudition. It is these latter elements of their work which drew Bradshaw into such intimate relations with them. He appreciated their methods and imbibed their tastes, although he gradually ceased to have any warm interest in their special doctrines. To the end he remained a keen friend of many of the party, as he would have been to members of any party whose work he recognised to contain elements of genuine research.

When Bradshaw met Dr. Todd, the latter had already published, with introduction and notes, several Wycliffite MSS., he had edited the Irish version of Nennius's history, and was already busy with his *Hymns of the Antient Church of Ireland*. Although it was not till ten years later that Dr. Todd's *Books of the Vaudois* appeared, still his earlier writings exhibit traces of Waldensian studies. Finally, his catalogue of printed books in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, gives evidence of his bibliographical interests. Thus we may see as it were in Dr. Todd the focus of the divergent lines of Bradshaw's own studies. The debt of Dr. Shirley to Bradshaw for aid in his basic researches in the field of Wycliffite literature is referred to by Mr. Prothero on pp. 118-19. The delight he took in the steady production of Dr. Furnivall's Wyclif Society was great, and he was one of the few scholars who had not only read the *Triologus*, but could give an intelligible account of Wyclif's metaphysics. Of Bradshaw's knowledge of mediaeval hymns and sequences, we believe Mr. Weale could give ample evidence. Bradshaw seemed to know his *Daniel* and *Mone* by heart. Of his Vaudois researches we have not only evidence in his discovery of the long-lost Morland manuscripts, but in the fact that he could translate Vaudois at sight—something more important than distinguishing it from Spanish. Indeed, there are few French or Italian scholars who have taken

part in the recent revival of Vaudois studies who do not acknowledge their indebtedness to Bradshaw. Mr. Prothero does not lay too much stress on the results of Bradshaw's determination of the date of *La Nobla Leyçon* when he writes:

"It was thus placed beyond doubt that the date of the poem was the fifteenth, instead of the twelfth, century (p. 88). . . . Under these blows the foundation on which the supposed antiquity of Waldensian Calvinism had so largely rested crumbled away. The philological importance of the change of date need hardly be pointed out (p. 88)."

M. Comba's recent attempt to upset Bradshaw's results can hardly be treated as serious.

Nennius was not improbably the starting-point of Bradshaw's investigations with regard to the Arthurian legends, and thence, indirectly, of his Celtic studies. He would often say that till the relationship of the Breton and Welsh languages and folklore was more fully elucidated it was idle to hope for a solution of the Arthurian problems. It was his knowledge of Gildas and Nennius which brought him later into contact with Prof. Mommsen. And the samples of Bradshaw's letters to the German scholar which Mr. Prothero prints are (pp. 314-5) strikingly characteristic of Bradshaw's readiness to place his own results at the service of anyone who could value them:

"Do not scruple to ask any number of questions about the manuscripts which you think I may be able to answer for you. It will be no loss, much less waste, of time, to me; for I have longed for years past to find some one who will work at these books with grounded intelligence, and it is a real happiness to have lived to find the man."

Thus, if, as seems highly probable, much of Bradshaw's after-work was due to the incentive of Dr. Todd—including, perhaps, his increased interest in Irish books—it will be evident that his year of school-work at St. Columba's was indirectly of service, although he himself looked back upon it with feelings of aversion. Of the origin of the Chaucer studies we have not any clear history. Bradshaw appears to have read the poet with avidity as a boy; but between his school days at Eton and 1864 Mr. Prothero gives us no evidence as to the course of his work. Possibly his study of Wyclif's vernacular works led him again to the fount of English undefiled. The sketch, however, of the Chaucer researches in chap. xi. (pp. 346 *et seq.*) is very interesting, and we find Prof. ten Brink bearing equal testimony to Henry Bradshaw's scholarship and to his generosity.

The opportunity of pursuing investigation in these various branches was afforded by the unique post which Bradshaw held from 1856 to 1864 in the University Library. This post gave him a considerable amount of leisure and also turned his thoughts towards bibliography and typography. At this time he began to be an authority on Caxton, and Caxton led him to the Dutch printers. Here it is, perhaps, that he has been of most singular service to the University Library. Through his influence that library now possesses a museum of Dutch typography unparalleled in this country, and, perhaps, only second to the

Royal Library of the Hague. It is arranged on the principle on which Bradshaw always insisted, namely the classification by printers and towns. This is, as all those who have touched upon early printing will admit, the only scientific method of classification. The scattering of the *incunabula* through a gigantic general catalogue, as is done in the British Museum, is hopelessly unscientific. It is impossible to discover all the output of a particular press unless the titles of the works are known; and what Bradshaw wrote, not a word too strongly, in 1870 still remains true:

"What I want is to ask if you can give me any encouragement to hope that some steps will be taken towards a systematic method of dealing with the vast treasures which the Museum contains in the way of fifteenth-century books?"

. . . . Of all the national libraries I have any knowledge of—Paris, Brussels, the Hague, Copenhagen, Vienna, and our own—the Museum is the only one where one can get no information, *except as it were by accident*, as to what specimens of early presses are to be seen there" (p. 206).

The result of the existing system is that some of the valuable early printed fragments appear to be catalogued solely under "Jesus Christ"!

From the Dutch presses, Henry Bradshaw's system led him up the Rhine to Cologne, and here his favourite printers were Arnold ter Huernen, Ulric Zel, and Nicholas Gotz, in whom he found traces of Dutch influence. But the magnitude of the typographical problems in Germany appalled him; and, although he did much for Mainz and Strassburg, he does not appear to have crossed over to the watershed of the Danube, or put his general lists of printers or the work of their presses into the same definite form as he gave to the Dutch publications in Mr. Conway's *Woodcutters of the Netherlands*. Possibly the "thirty-two stout note-books" in the University Library will prove on examination that he went farther towards a classification of the German *incunabula* than Mr. Prothero seems to indicate.

As a great number of early printed books are devotional works, it is not surprising that a study of early printing should have strengthened Bradshaw's interest in mediaeval service-books, and so in all matters of church ritual and discipline. Mr. Prothero mentions, in chapter xi., the chief contributions Bradshaw made to these subjects—notably, his bibliographical lists attached to the Cambridge edition of the *Sarum Breviary*, and his important, if not completed, inquiries into the history of cathedral statutes. We must not, however, follow him into these interesting points of historical investigation, nor into the manner in which he contributed to Celtic research through the medium of Mr. Whitley Stokes and Dr. Wasserschleben. We must content ourselves with quoting two remarks:

"His liturgical attainments were something extraordinary. One had to go back to the Benedictine ritualists of the beginning of the last century to find his equal" (p. 343).

"It is hardly too much to say that he almost re-discovered the Breton language (p. 338)."

We have sufficiently indicated the wide extent of Bradshaw's studies and the real magnitude of the work he accomplished. Those interested in the like problems will

undoubtedly read this memoir for the light it throws on Henry Bradshaw's views on many difficult points of criticism. But those who are not scholars by profession ought also to read Mr. Prothero's volume in order to measure the pure, unselfish character of this man of books. The perusal will enable them to understand better the noble qualities which often underlie the outer garb of learning. Mr. Prothero portrays for us a man who must have left a strong personal influence towards straightforward action, tolerant opinion, and honest hard work. The loss to Cambridge through his death becomes still more apparent as we read these pages than it did even in the brief memoirs which appeared in February, 1886. Let us hope that the "Darwinlike men" of whom he speaks in a letter of 1882 have at least entered the gap, if they cannot fill it. X.

The Letter and the Spirit. Bampton Lectures for 1888. By Robert Edward Bartlett. (London: Rivingtons.)

REMEMBERING the somewhat narrow conditions of the Bampton Foundation, and that it has been in existence for more than a century, it seems a little curious that a subject coming so close to the terms of the original foundation, and capable of such brilliant and fruitful treatment, as that chosen by Mr. Bartlett should not have occupied the attention of previous lecturers. Certain aspects of the general theme have no doubt already secured consideration. Conybeare, in 1824, dwelt on the allegorical interpretation of Scripture. Hampden, in 1832, in those famous lectures which are still remembered, as well for the controversy which they raised as for the melancholy exhibition of clerical bigotry which they revealed, showed how scholasticism tended to engender a combination of literalism and materialism in which the spirit of Christianity was wholly lost. Again, the lectures of 1851 by the late H. B. Wilson, approaching the subject from a different standpoint, dwelt on the ideological aspect of creeds and formularies as well as of certain historical phases of Christianity. It was an eloquent plea—conceived in a genuinely Pauline spirit—of the worth of the spirit above the letter. In the lectures of last year Mr. Bartlett has taken up the whole subject, as I have remarked, for the first time, and with decisive and conspicuous success. Approaching the question with a due sense of its supreme importance, as well as with independence of judgment and competent learning, he has treated it in a broad and comprehensive as well as Christian spirit, so that his lectures may fairly claim—what cannot be conceded to those of the majority of his predecessors—the permanent position of a valuable exposition of Christian truth.

He begins his first, or introductory, lecture with St. Paul. To have given his work a philosophical as well as theological completeness he might, in my opinion, have started earlier both in time and matter. He might at least have glanced in a few prefatory remarks on the genesis of the dualism—letter and spirit. Had he done so, some manifestations in its later development would already have received approximate elucidation, and

he might have claimed whatever merit may be assigned to starting his theme *ab ovo*.

As indicated by the words themselves, the correlation of spirit and letter emerges first in language and the inevitable relations of thought and speech. It is obvious that the letter—the spoken or written word—should have an immediate connexion with the thought of which it purports to be the outcome. It is equally obvious, on a consideration of the nature of the human mind, that such a connexion should be not always determinable or homogeneous. Indeed, the fact that language is an intercommunication between two minds or intelligent spirits necessitates a twofold relation of spirit and letter. There is first the degree in which the letter represents the mind of the speaker, and next there is the measure in which that mind is truly reproduced in the hearer. In either case the relation between letter and spirit may be incongruous to a greater or less extent, even though the incongruity cannot be easily determinable in precise terms. Thus the letter can never be more than the humble, facile, and unsatisfactory servitor of the spirit, so that to represent language as commensurate with thought, and its complete adequate exposition, must be described as a *reductio ad absurdum* of philological enthusiasm.

Mr. Bartlett, as I have said, takes up the dualism as it is presented in St. Paul's Epistles. Little fault can be found with his exegesis. More clearly than most Pauline expositors, he has seen how utterly opposed St. Paul was not only to the letter of the Mosaic law, but to all external standards of truth whatsoever. It is an interesting speculation what St. Paul would have said of the documentary and literary sources of Christian truth which began to prevail towards the end of the second century A.D. It is quite clear that he never contemplated a Christianity that should be dependent on written documents. As Mr. Bartlett summarises his teaching:

"The kingdom of God does not consist in anything outward, not in Church government, not in apostolical succession, not in Catholic ritual, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (p. 23).

We cannot gather from his Epistles what he would have said of the sources of Christian teaching and forms of Christian worship, as Christianity was carried further down the stream of time. Probably, with his own conceptions of the imminence of the second advent, the question did not suggest itself to him. The failure of the Quakers and similar sects to found an organisation without authoritative external standards may be accepted as the verdict of human nature and history on the possibility of realising the Pauline ideal in all its purity. Indeed, we must thank the letter of his own Epistles for that very exposition of its relation to the spirit which has so often opened men's eyes to new visions of Christian truth, and which has been received with acclamation by the noblest minds that have adorned our common faith.

Passing from St. Paul Mr. Bartlett discusses the relation of letter and spirit in Biblical exegesis, wherein he demands a liberty of interpretation which should satisfy every sane and serious thinker. In his application of his theme to the Church, Mr. Bartlett has a few

remarks which read like a satirical comment on the proceedings of the late Pan-Anglican Synod:

"Can we look at Christendom as it at present exists, and believe that, while the Eastern Church is a legitimate branch of the Church Catholic, the non-episcopal communities of the West, with their manifold activities, their close contact with the life and thought of the present day, are outside the pale?" (p. 97).

The lecturer is even still more frank and outspoken when he comes to deal with letter and spirit in the Sacraments, and in Christian worship. His plea, in every case, for the superiority of spirit to letter is eloquently made, in entire harmony with the spirit of Christ himself, and from that and every standpoint wholly unanswerable. Nor dare we say that his appeal is either superfluous or untimely. In view of the teaching that is promulgated with increasing extravagance from so many hundred pulpits of the National Church, it is like a breath of a mountain breeze to be told that

"the essence of the Eucharist lies not in the mere ceremonial observance, but in the spirit of devotion to Christ, and of hopeful looking for his kingdom and of brotherly helpfulness to our fellowmen, and these things depend not on the hour of celebration but on the attitude of the heart towards God" (p. 170).

The last lecture, which deals with "the Church of the Future," is an eloquent and irresistible plea for growth in Christian theology and for Christian activity of all kinds. I had made sundry extracts from this lecture, but am unable to find room for them. Applying the subject of the lecture, I may be permitted to say that the *literal* evidence already conveyed by the above quotations is a sufficient attestation of its liberal and genuinely Christian spirit.

I have already incidentally glanced at the opportune appearance of Mr. Bartlett's lectures. Probably some of the literalists and materialists whose position it demolishes so effectually will put in their customary plea as to the importance of the letter and symbol in order to prevent the spirit falling into extravagance. At present, however, that does not seem to be the danger from which the English Church requires all the protection her saner members can give. Our most marked tendencies are towards a literalism and sacerdotalism in which the spirit of Christianity seems likely to be completely submerged and lost. I commend to the attention of such letter-worshippers the following anecdote, related in the recently published life of Robertson of Irvine. Admitting that the truth in certain Romanist legends lay more in the fiction or moral than in the fact or alleged story, he proceeds:

"I know some wise good people insist on separating the fact from the fiction, and throwing the latter away. But that may be the best of it—most likely is. They remind one of the ladies of England, who, when tea was first brought to this country, infused it, and then poured off the dusky brown water and ate the leaves with butter."

If we substitute spirit and letter for fiction and fact, the anecdote may well apply to certain prevalent customs and prejudices in the English Church. Here, too, the spirit, purport, and truth of Christianity is thrown

away, and the literal residuum, solid and innutritious, is served in its stead—also “with butter.”

JOHN OWEN.

The Alphabet of Economic Science. By Philip H. Wicksteed. (Macmillan)

J. B. SAY has said too sweepingly “On s'est égaré en économie politique toutes les fois qu'on a voulu s'en rapporter aux calculs mathématiques.” J. B. Say himself *s'est égaré* seriously in his exposition of the relations between utility and value. And it may safely be affirmed that this important subject can never be apprehended perfectly without the aid of the conceptions at least, if not the symbols, which are furnished by mathematics. Sydney Smith was justified in leaving the Political Economy Club upon the ground, as the story goes, that there was nobody there who could explain value. There was nobody anywhere in what may be called the pre-Jevonian era. Jevons was the foremost, if not the very first, who introduced the ideas appropriate to the subject. But Jevons's *Theory*, fenced round with formidable symbols, is hardly accessible “to the general.” The mathematical key of this economic treasure is furnished by Mr. Wicksteed. A considerable part of his book is devoted to explaining what is meant by a “differential coefficient.” Nowhere else can the student of economics find ready to hand exactly the sort and amount of mathematical knowledge which he requires. Mr. Wicksteed brings the science of Jevons down to earth. How many tedious controversies about value might have been cut short, if the disputants had seized the points which he puts so clearly! How much more economic science is contained in this little textbook than in almost all the ponderous mass of German literature which relates to the theory of worth! We, of course, except the quasi-mathematical school founded by Menger, the “*Græcos qui vera requirunt*.”

Our author appears to us to be particularly qualified to act the part of mediator between abstract science and human dealings. Gossen and some other mathematical path-breakers have been deficient in humour, and hardly enough in touch with real life. But Mr. Wicksteed is not a man of one idea. His economic illustrations would be valuable, even apart from his mathematical theory. Among many shrewd and original remarks the following may be instanced:

“It is rather unfortunate for the advance of economic science that the class of persons who study it do not as a rule belong to the class in whose daily experience its elementary principles receive the sharpest and most emphatic illustrations. For example, few students of economics are obliged to realise from day to day that a night's lodging and a supper possess utilities that fluctuate with extraordinary rapidity; and the tramps who, towards nightfall, in the possession of twopenny each, make a rush on suppers and sleep out if the thermometer is at 45°, and make a rush on the beds and go supperless if it is at 30°, have paid little attention to the economic theories which their experience illustrates.”

Again, it is well said:

“The reply, ‘We don't make up ha'poths,’ which damps the purchasing ardour of the youth

of Northern England, is constantly made by nature and by man to the economist who tries to apply the doctrine of continuity to the case of individuals.”

We do not remember to have seen it remarked before that in the case of “presents” consisting of objects “which no sane person is expected to buy for himself,” the ordinary relation between the value of a product and the pleasure which it affords to the consumer does not hold. Mr. Wicksteed does good service to science in exposing the fallacy of the optimist orthodox doctrine that the commodities most desired by the community are sure to be produced under a régime of competition. He proves, in defiance of popular political economy, that “the conformity of the net result to any principle of justice or of public good would depend on initial conditions prior to all exchange.” With equal rigour he follows out the postulates of the Socialists to their remote consequences.

The difficulties of Mr. Wicksteed's task have been increased by the narrowness of his limits. His treatise is the alpha and beta, but hardly the omega, of economic science. It is scarcely possible to discuss value apart from production. But our author has allowed himself only one or two short excursions into the latter field. His analogy of Robinson Crusoe, distributing his labours so as to maximise his gratifications, is well conceived, but must be applied with caution to a régime where a division of labour prevails. Perhaps, as to the relations of value and labour, our author would have done well to strike out independently of Jevons. At another point, we could have wished that he had kept at a greater distance from his distinguished guide.

We allude to the case of bargain between two individual dealers in the absence of competition. It appears to us that Jevons here goes to the very edge of a certain pitfall, and that Mr. Wicksteed goes one step further. He teaches that in general, and with one unimportant exception, the contract between such isolated parties is determinate in the same sense as the rate of exchange in a perfect market. But, as Jevons admits in his latest work, and as, among our rising economists, Mr. Price has most clearly pointed out, the bargain between individuals and combinations is not governed by the ordinary law of market. There is a “*Spielraum*,” as the Austrian school have it, in which the interests of the contracting parties play, undetermined by any economic law. To ignore this property is not consistent with mathematical precision. But let not the reader be alarmed by the severity of this criticism. The weak point, which it is our duty to indicate, is not like the link of the proverbial chain. The doubtful passage lies quite apart from the general course of the reasoning. The little slip may entirely be avoided by skipping or skimming the last three or four pages of the book. We are not precluded from judging that, on the important subject which this manual introduces, it is the best educational treatise known to us.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Helen Davenant. By Violet Fane. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Beyond Cloudland. By S. M. Crawley Boevey. In 2 vols. (Alexander Gardner.)

Her Last Run. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Ghost of Dunboy Castle. By Huberto. In 2 vols. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Young Maids and Old. By Clara Louise Burnham. (Trübner.)

On the Wrong Track. By A. E. Wilton. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

My First Offer. By Basil Blackett. (Burnet.)

The Story of Helen Davenant is the strongest novel that “Violet Fane” has yet written. Singularly enough, too, it is strongest where hitherto her writing has been weakest. She has frequently endeavoured to construct an attractive plot, but she has never achieved a genuine success until now. *The Story of Helen Davenant* cannot be better described than as a feat in literary natation. “Violet Fane” precipitates herself into the whirlpool-rapids of mesmerism and clairvoyance, and yet she contrives to struggle through them to land in such a way as to suggest the suspicion that occultism is simply one of her stage properties. Be that as it may, neither Miss Braddon, nor the author of *The House on the Marsh*, could have contrived a more ingenious story than that of Helen Davenant—an impressionable girl, who is mesmerised into marriage with a mysterious prince who has, in his turn, been mesmerised into murder by his sister, “the superior fiend” of the two. There is a subsidiary problem to be solved—the question of the paternity of Helen Davenant. The solution of this problem is well managed, thanks to certain letters which make their appearance in the beginning of the book. But it is repulsive and superfluous. The tracing home of the murder he committed to Helen's unfortunate prince is—talismán, Hebraism, and all—as closely-linked a chain of plot as has ever been manufactured. *The Story of Helen Davenant* is not remarkable in the department of character-study. Both her husband and her lover are phantoms. The ambassador at the Russian Court who takes such a warm interest in Helen, for reasons which are not fully explained till the end of the story, is rather too old-fashioned a *grand seigneur*; and even the female fiend is little better than the commonplace Brinvilliers—she is, indeed, vulgar as well as commonplace—of a second-rate sea-side novel. There is, however, one really good character in *Helen Davenant*—her governess, whose ambition it is to make the facts of her environment as strange as the fiction which she revels in, and who practically succeeds in realising her ambition. Miss Warden supplies all the humour in *Helen Davenant*, and it is never farcical.

But for the altogether unnecessary and positively irritating mystical element in it, *Beyond Cloudland* would have been a thoroughly good story of that ordinary English country life—of rolls and butter indoors, roses and honeysuckles out-of-doors—the monotony of which is relieved by

Beethoven and flirtation. As it is, there is some really good character-study in it. The lovers, Blanche Murray and Arthur Crampton, are both more than passable portraits of folk of the kind one may meet at any garden party. The description of the Tenterden household, and particularly of Minnie, who "was one of those beings who seem put into the world to add to its flavour, just as Harvey's sauce and pickles improve insipid food," is, in all respects so successful as to suggest the desirability of the author of *Beyond Cloudland* abandoning ambitious phantasy for unambitious social Thackerayanism. To judge from her too turgid preface, she has rather a contempt for "prosaic souls who neither possess the wings of imagination nor sympathise with her flight." But it is the "prosaic souls" in *Beyond Cloudland* that are at once the best and the best-drawn characters in it. Feminine readers will most emphatically resent the weakness of the heroine in returning to the lover who has treated her so shabbily. He deserves to be mercilessly humiliated and pigeoned to the extent that he is; but he does not deserve to have such a guardian angel as Miss Crampton or such a wife as Blanche. When all deductions are made, however, it must be allowed that there is both a great amount, and a great variety, of ability in *Beyond Cloudland*.

Her Last Run is a second-rate, but harmless, "sporting" novel, containing the average number of balls, steeple-chases, and feminine jealousies and slangy expressions. It ends badly; for the heroine, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, becomes engaged to a man whom she does not care for, and dies in the arms of the man she loves. This tragedy seems inartistic; for poor Madge is, by birth and temperament, one of those girls who seem born to triumph over troubles and enemies, and to be happy ever afterwards. The best thing in *Her Last Run*, at all events in the eyes of the more critical reader, is the reproduction of some genuine baby-talk.

Surely there never was such a preposterous combination of gorgeous diction and coarse seduction as *The Ghost of Dunboy Castle*. One might dwell at some length on the fact that, although the Ireland that figures in it—or rather in the story within this story—is the Ireland of 1651, the language (popular, scientific, and slangy) that is used is essentially that of the present close of the nineteenth century. It might be asked, among other things, how Rosa Gibson and her "paramour"—who, however, must not be confounded with her "destroyer"—could, "brilliant among the brilliant, have swept along the Boulevards to the Bois de Boulogne, to the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation, or to the Bois de Vincennes." Anachronisms and other absurdities are, however, nothing to a writer who, like "Huberto," despises criticism in the manner in which he does in the extraordinary dialogue he terms a preface, and tells us in his first page that "night in seeming sympathy spread round her pall of darkness, and all creation, in emblematic mourning, assumed the sable investment—the judiciously selected garb which so well symbolises disfiguring melancholy." But "Huberto" might in any case have spared us Dr. Armstrong, with his heartless *liaisons*,

the nameless horrors of his sound-proof "decoy-chamber," his murder-plots, his scientific "infidelity," and, above all, his unctuous repentance. The Noras and Toms, the Marys and the Geraldts, the fighting and the fainting, the brogue and the blarney, in *The Ghost of Dunboy Castle* are all, however, genuinely Irish. Possibly enough "Huberto," if he ceased trying to walk on the stilts of an affected style, could write a readable story of humble Irish life in the present day.

Young Maids and Old is a really delightful story of New England life, about nothing in particular, and all the better for that. There is no special reason why the two couples in it—Irene Flanders and Leo Graham, Susan Farley and Phineas Thorne—should not have paired off at the end of twenty pages, instead of four hundred; for they have very little to do in such a quiet town as Proctor, that favourite retreat of Bostonians wearied out with the strain of their own intense intellectuality. But this happy dispatch would not have given poor Miss Emma Trowbridge time to make and mar a pretty matrimonial plan, or Irene Flanders to show the moral beauty of a nature which she can scarcely have inherited from a selfish father, or the light-hearted Susan Farley by looking on this picture and on that to discover and shelter herself under the goodness to be found beneath the almost boorish exterior of Phineas Thorne. *Young Maids and Old* is full of quiet humour, and is strong in the study of simple characters. It is above all things easy and yet enjoyable reading.

On the Wrong Tack is a passably written story, which runs on conventional lines. Noel Goffe, who, although a dramatist, is an "awfully jolly fellow," marries Christabel Burgoyne, the niece of a fine old admiral, and an affectionate, vivacious, but not very strong-headed, girl, whereas he ought to have married Dena Moore, "a queenly looking woman with beautifully moulded limbs and the face of a Greek goddess." But he has seen Dena fleeing from her aunt's house, and he takes it for granted that she is a fashionably frivolous woman leaving her husband and her home. Under these circumstances, he cannot well marry Dena, although he loves her and informs her of the fact. But he and Christabel live very happily, and, besides, Dena marries the fine old admiral. Here the story ought to have ended, and might have ended in a prettily pathetic fashion, like the genuine "Auld Robin Gray." It suits the author, however, to bring Dena and Goffe together again. It will thus be seen that *On the Wrong Tack* is, and is intended to be regarded as, a melancholy novel. But the author would be much more at home in a domestic story—of the type, say, that Miss Walford has, of late, rendered specially popular. She knows country scenery and country society; she is at home among the mild emotions of reasonably well-to-do people; and her style is in all respects careful.

There is a certain air of giggling school-girlishness in *My First Offer* which has all the appearance of a first experiment in fiction. It may be doubted, too, whether the author was well advised to present her (?) readers, not only with the town of Oakford—a "nice clean little place" with "delightful church

services," and "the usual country-town society, lawyer, doctor, and so on"—but also with a poor and ferocious curate, who craves of using a revolver upon himself, who cries "Tehut," who digs a pen into a table till it breaks, and whose "eyes, metallic in their lustre, absolutely scintillate with the fury of his passion," after making an offer of marriage in this fascinating fashion:

"I offer you an income of £200 a year, with the greatest improbability of its ever increasing. Straitened means are synonymous with very little society. Individually, I give you a self-sacrificing love, combined with jealousy, cruel and passionate, a querulous and exacting temper, unreasonable to a degree when provoked."

The curate apart, *My First Offer* is a fairly constructed and almost pedantically written story of jealousy, intrigue, murder, madness, and a lady who, because she has seen what she imagines to be a ghost, must needs take to somnambulism and to playing beautifully and cataleptically Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." For a Manchester girl, still lingering in her teens, Miss White, the heroine, has a wonderful number of adventures; but why her biographer should declare her life closed because she cannot marry a man who has a wife in a *maison de santé*, does not clearly appear. The photographing of clericalised country life is much more in "Basil Blackett's" line than tragedy or even melodrama.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands. By Charles Edwards. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.) This book may be highly commended as one of the best of its class—that is, of books written to give readable information to intending visitors to season resorts, to help them over difficulties, to aid them towards gaining greater pleasure and benefit from their period of exile. The work has been called forth by the attempt to make the Canary Islands, and especially the town of Orotava in Teneriffe, a rival to Madeira as a winter station for consumptive patients. The question is one which can be resolved only by experience and by medical study. The heat so freely complained of would be no advantage, nor would the extreme dryness be beneficial, in all cases of phthisis. Great discrimination, we imagine, will be needed to decide whether Funchal or Orotava would be the more curative in any given case. Putting this aside, our author has written a delightful book, which may be read with pleasure by those who never think of visiting these fortunate islands. He has looked up his original authorities, and tells us just enough of the past history of the islands to stimulate the reader's interest to acquire more. We believe, however, that the remains of, and especially the inscriptions by, the aborigines are somewhat more numerous than are indicated here. The restrained descriptions of the riding tours round Teneriffe and Palma bring the scenery much better before the reader than any attempt at more brilliant word-painting would do. The drawbacks, as well as the pleasures, of such a tour are honestly told; and one of the greatest of the former seems to be, as in the case of the home Peninsula, the utter uncertainty of the conduct of the Spanish innkeeper in out-of-the-way places—at times civil, moderate in his charges, doing all he can to please with the means at his disposal; at others uncivil, scora-

fully indifferent to the comfort of his guests, and extortionate. The traveller's complaint is not that he has been so badly treated on the whole, but that it is impossible to guess beforehand how he may be treated. We are astonished to find the wines of the islands have so very much degenerated. Five and twenty years ago good liquor was not so rare either in the Canaries or in the Azores. All intending visitors to Teneriffe should read this book before proceeding to their winter quarters. It is an honest piece of work done by a capable hand.

Letters from Majorca. By Charles W. Wood. With numerous illustrations. (Bentley.) This is a good book of the lively tourist kind, but its goodness consists not so much in the text as in the illustrations. There is the usual funny man, and the man who is the object of his jokes. Mr. Wood is a master in the art of expansion. His descriptions of art and architecture are most deliciously vague. He seldom commits himself further than to say that such and such a building is "Gothic." Happily for his readers, the woodcuts, taken chiefly from photographs, will often enable them to attain greater precision. His stay in Majorca was limited to some six weeks in November and December, 1886, and to a like period in May and June, 1887; but nearly the whole of this last visit is occupied with details of the illness of his host. Mr. Wood makes no pretence of a knowledge of history; there are no statistics given, nothing of the geology, botany, or natural history of the island. He attempts only descriptions of the scenery, and a reproduction of the lives of the two or three Englishmen on the island, and of their Mallorcan servants. He gushes over with sentiment at the smallest provocation. As a guide, he failed to reach the summit of the Puig Major; and his account of the wondrous caves of Artá is in such general terms that it might well have been written by one who had never seen them. One thing we must heartily commend. In spite of his enjoyment of the warmth of a Mallorcan November and December, Mr. Wood does not hold up the island as a resort for invalids, but shows the drawbacks to its apparent excellencies. His work is done by a hand practised in making much out of little. The pages can be turned over with pleasure; and, as we said at first, as much, or more, instruction is to be gained from the illustrations than from the text itself.

Untrodden Paths of Roumania. By Mrs. Walker. (Chapman & Hall.) Of the 354 pages of this volume Mrs. Walker devotes 250 to the religious houses of the country, and she might have more accurately entitled her book "The Monasteries of Roumania." It opens with three chapters on Galatz and life on the Danube, and closes with two devoted to the history of the Principalities; the remaining chapters contain the author's diary and sketch-book. There is no accounting for tastes, and there may be readers who will accompany these three English ladies on their round of visits to monasteries and convents without *ennui*. For our own part we must own to some disappointment, more especially when we remember the vivid picture of convent life in Moldavia contained in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Episodes from a Life of Adventure*. On the important question whether monastic life tends to the good or evil of the general population, Mrs. Walker has absolutely nothing to say. She confines herself as a rule to descriptions of scenery which are pretty and bright, but become not a little monotonous. The following is a favourable specimen of her style, and is also one of the rare passages in which she shows some interest in human nature.

"Proceeding to one of the balconies I am watched by a very dirty old monk, emerged from a

neighbouring room. He presently asks, 'Are you come to disturb and upset the arrangements of the monastery?' taking us, doubtless, for Government agents in disguise. He had placed his frugal breakfast—mamaiga and black beans—on a stone near the door of his cell, while he comes anxiously forward. He proves to be a Russian, capable of speaking a few words of French. I seek at once for information; but he instantly shuffles off, in a great fright, 'Non! je suis vieux! je suis vieux!' in such dread of entanglement that he even forgets the little tin dishes in his precipitation. Presently he stealthily emerges like a rat from his hole and carries back his food" (p. 98).

An account of some of the flowers that bloom in these untrodden paths would have been very welcome; but only once does Mrs. Walker evince any interest in the local flora, and that is in alluding to a flower familiarly called "John and Mary" in Russia (p. 114).

With the Camel Corps up the Nile. By Count Gleichen. With numerous Sketches by the Author. (Chapman & Hall.) The literature of the ill-fated Nile expedition of 1884-85 is by no means proportionate in amount to the intense interest with which it was studied at the time. Sir Charles Wilson and Sir Henry Brackenbury have each written a little volume describing with authority the operations in which they severally took part; and one newspaper correspondent has also given us a somewhat critical narrative. There was therefore ample room—if only from the point of view of military history—for the present book, in which an officer of the Guards' Camel Regiment narrates, with equal modesty and good faith, what he actually saw and did. The book is eminently readable, and is enlivened with some clever sketches by the author.

Eighteen Hundred Miles on a Burmese Tat, through Burma, Siam, and the Eastern Shan States. By Lieut. G. J. Younghusband. (W. H. Allen.) One of the paths to military distinction has always lain through adventurous travel in time of peace. Quite recently another officer of the name of Younghusband penetrated through Asia from China to India. The present author made only an excursion into the little-known borderland between Burma, Siam, and China; but we imagine that the risk he ran was greater than he cares to acknowledge, and that he owes much to the staunchness of his Gurkha orderly. After having once got reconciled to the flippant style of writing, which is probably the result of exuberant spirits, we follow the traveller with interest—though nothing can reconcile us to the illustrations.

A Ride through Syria. By Edward Abram. (Abram & Sons.) This little book is an agreeably written account of a pleasant trip through Syria. The traveller's route did not lie in the most familiar regions; and hence we are spared the oft-repeated details of things seen at Jerusalem or Bethlehem, instead of which we have a journey across the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, with an account of visits to Mount Hermon, the sources of Jordan and Baalbec. Mr. Abram writes in a cheerful temper as regards his personal adventures, and in a spirit of devout yet intelligent reverence as regards the religious associations of the scenes he visited. The tour evidently left a pleasing impression on the writer's mind. The perusal of his account of it will leave the same on his reader's. The book is well got up, and there are many interesting pictures and an excellent map.

To Gibraltar and Back in an Eighteen-Tonner. By One of the Crew. (W. H. Allen.) This book reminds us of the Oxford story, how a man sailed to the Cassiterides in a canoe with an Ainsworth's Dictionary under his arm as cargo. Four friends with a couple of sailors and a boy make their way in a small yacht

across the Bay of Biscay during the stormy weather of spring, loiter a few days at Vigo, Lisbon, and Tangier, and then sail home again. They seem to have retained their lightheartedness in the worst of discomforts, and it may be hoped found the good health which the captain sought from his two months' voyage. By means of the excellent chart appended, and the photographs and woodcuts of this little book, a stay-at-home reader may pleasantly share the cruise of the *Chiripa*, without the wettings and misery which at times it must have involved.

Four Months' Cruise. By Lady Ernestine Edgcombe, and Lady Mary Wood. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"The only thing to do is to write a book, and give an account of our cruise," said one of the party.

"So we will! Happy thought! and we will share the profits."

"Or the other thing," unkindly murmured F."

This remark may not unfairly be described as the one happy thought of the book. We can only charitably hope that "the other thing" will not be very heavy. The English is surprisingly shipshod, even for the idle writing of an idle day. In two pages alone we find such expressions as "at once spotted the only house," "a look of homeiness. But if the literary partnership of these two ladies has not produced a delightful account of their yachting trip, their narrative is free from all suspicion of fine writing. It is written with simplicity, and may be of some interest to those who think of a cruise in the Mediterranean.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the two new volumes of Carlyle's letters, edited by Prof. Norton, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish very shortly, afford a tolerably continuous account of Carlyle's life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his *French Revolution*.

STUDENTS of Spenser's poetry and bibliophiles will learn with interest that Dr. H. Oskar Sommer is going to edit, and Mr. T. C. Nimmo will publish, a photographic facsimile of "Imperito," the original edition of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, printed by Hugh Singleton (London, 1579), from the copy in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. The little volume, which is very rare, is in splendid condition, and consists of 56 leaves. The text is printed in black letter, the commentary and notes in Roman type. Each of the twelve Eclogues is preceded by a woodcut engraving appropriate to its contents. The editor's introduction will deal fully with the results of the studies on the subject up to the present time. Mr. L. B. Fleming will photograph, and Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. will print, the volume.

AN investigation into the Civil List pensions granted since the accession of the Queen has been conducted for the committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors by Mr. W. Morris Colles. The list of pensions, showing the names, amounts, and the grounds for which they were given, has been reprinted, and will be published in a few days, with comments and suggestions bearing upon the neglect of literature, science, and art.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly publish a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled *Neighbours on the Green*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY will publish early next week *The Metropolitan Year Book*, forming a guide to the municipal, commercial, ecclesiastical, educational, benevolent, and social institutions of London. It will include particulars of the new County Council, together with a list of members.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, author of "Auld Licht Idylls," is engaged on a Life of the late Mr. Alexander Russel, for many years editor of the *Scotsman*. Mr. Barrie would be glad if any persons who are in possession either of letters from, or of anecdotes about, the late Mr. Russel would forward them to him, at 7 Furnival's Inn, E.C.

A ONE-VOLUME edition of the late Sheridan Le Fanu's novel, *The Wyvern Mystery*, is being prepared by his son, Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu, who is also making some illustrations for the volume.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS has nearly ready for issue a volume of poems, entitled *Days and Nights*, which he has dedicated to Mr. Pater. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

MR. HUME NISBET'S new novel, for which he is supplying several illustrations, is entitled *Eight Bells: a Tale of the Sea and of the Cannibals of New Guinea*. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

MR. J. STANLEY LITTLE'S new novel, *Doubt*, illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, will be published immediately by Mr. Spencer Blackett.

MR. HUGH L. CALLENDAR, of Trinity College, will publish immediately, at the Cambridge University Press, *A Manual of Cursive Shorthand*; a Phonetic System adapted for general use. The introduction contains a discussion of the principles of shorthand, with illustrations from Pitman's system. An account is also given of an original series of experiments on shorthand writing, in which the time occupied by each movement was automatically recorded by means of an electric chronograph. The manual is accompanied by a system of phonetic spelling, analogous to Sweet's "Romie," which is used to indicate the pronunciation and accentuation of words.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately—*Long Odds*, a three-volume novel, by Capt. Hawley Smart; a cheap edition of *The Cost of a Lie*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron; and *A Real Good Thing*, by Mrs. Edward Kennard; also a shilling novel, by Mrs. Alexander, entitled *A False Scent*.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL are about to publish a short work, entitled *Galileo and his Judges*, by Mr. F. R. Wegg Prosser.

THE same publishers will also issue next week the new edition of Mr. Wemyss Reid's *Life of the Right Honourable W. E. Forster*. It will be unabridged and contain additional matter and a new portrait, making a single volume of 650 demy pages.

AN *édition de luxe* of Mr. F. C. Philips's novel, *As In a Looking Glass*, is now in the press. It will be profusely illustrated by Mr. du Maurier. Messrs. Ward & Downey expect to have it ready for publication early in March.

A NEW edition of Miss Florence Davenport Hill's *Children of the State*, edited by Miss Fanny Fowke, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the course of February.

A NEW edition of the *Handbook of Bible Difficulties* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

AT the meeting of the Elizabethan Society, to be held on Wednesday next, February 6, a paper on the "Plays of Thomas Dekker," by Mr. John Addington Symonds, will be read. The paper is based upon an article by Mr. Symonds printed in the *ACADEMY* exactly fifteen years ago. Since that time he has altered many of his views upon this playwright's work; and he intends to take this opportunity of recasting what he then wrote. The meeting will be presided over by Mr. A. H. Bullen. There will also be a special meeting of the society on Wednesday, February 20,

when Mr. Havelock Ellis will read a paper on "George Chapman." The chair on this occasion will be occupied by Mr. Sidney Lee. Those desirous of attending either of these meetings should communicate with the hon. sec., Mr. James Ernest Baker, 38 Wivenhoe Road, The Rye, Peckham.

THE committee for erecting a memorial to Christopher Marlowe is now definitely constituted. The chairman is Lord Coleridge; the treasurer, Mr. Sidney L. Lee (26 Brondesbury Road, N.W.); while the list of members includes Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne. From America, there are Mr. J. R. Lowell and Mr. H. H. Furness; and from Canterbury—where it has been decided that the memorial shall be placed—the mayor, the master of the King's School (in which Marlowe was educated), and Canon Fremantle.

MISS WARD, principal of the Maria Grey Training College, will deliver a course of six lectures on "The History of Education"—dealing with Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Mr. Herbert Spencer—at the Datchelor school for girls, Camberwell, on the two first Fridays in February and the two first Fridays in March, at 4 p.m.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added *Two Years Ago* to their cheap edition of Kingsley's works, which they are issuing in monthly volumes. *Two Years Ago* was first published (as its title implies) in 1857, and a second edition was called for within two months. A one-volume edition was issued in 1859, and reprinted in 1866. But since 1871 a fresh reprint has been demanded in each successive year, so that the total number of editions now amounts to 22, as compared with 25 for *Westward Ho!*, 19 for *Hypatia*, and 15 for *Yeast*. We suspect that most of Kingsley's admirers would put *Hypatia* above *Two Years Ago*; but the large circulation of all of them, in comparatively expensive editions—the cheapest hitherto has been 6s.—is a gratifying fact. We do not know whether they are equally popular in America.

Correction.—Several correspondents have written to point out some manifest errors of date in Sir R. F. Burton's "Notes from Vevey," in the *ACADEMY* of last week. In the Ludlow inscription, the date of his arrival at Vevey should clearly be "1662," and not 1642; and the passage—"Ludlow returned to England in 1689, before the accession of Charles II."—should apparently run—"Ludlow returned to England in 1688, before the accession of William and Mary."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IT is announced that the Wykeham chair of logic at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. Fowler, will be filled up before the end of the present term.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has been in Oxford for some little time, engaged in painting a picture connected with Magdalen College.

THE annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society was held on Thursday, January 31, when Dr. Peile, master of Christ's College, was re-elected president, and the new officers appointed were Dr. Jackson as vice-president, and Dr. Verrall as member of council. Dr. Fennell read a paper on "The Relation of Accent to the Division of Words into Syllables in Aryan Speech, and Accent as a Cause of Phonetic Change, with special reference to Verner's Law, Sanskrit Gutturals (*velars*), and the Greek Vowel System."

THE candidates for the Laudian chair of Arabic at Oxford—which has been vacant since the death of Mr. Gandell about a year ago—include Mr. David Margoliouth, of New College; Mr.

Habib Anthony Salmone, now lecturer in Arabic at University College, London; and Prof. Hermann Ethé, of Aberystwyth, an examiner in the Oriental School.

MESSRS. BODLEY AND GARNER have been appointed architects of the proposed new buildings at King's College, Cambridge. It is to them that Oxford owes the new buildings at Magdalen.

MR. A. H. BULLEN, the well-known editor of the dramatists and lyric poets of the Elizabethan age, has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Oxford this term on "Michael Drayton and other Elizabethans."

PROF. WESTLAKE announces lectures at Cambridge this term on "The Suez and Panama Canals," "Egypt, Suakim, Massowah," and "The Future of Naval War."

A WORK on *The Principles of Inductive or Empirical Logic*, by Dr. John Venn, is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It contains the substance of lectures delivered in Caius College, Cambridge, for a number of years past. The general treatment of the subject is somewhat more in accord with that adopted by J. S. Mill than with that of the majority of recent English works on logic.

MR. ARTHUR J. EVANS delivered two lectures this week in the new lecture-room of the Ashmolean Museum, on "Sign Language, Pictographs, and Symbols," and on "Sun and Star Symbols in their relation to some pre-Christian Forms of the Cross."

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society will produce "Julius Caesar" at the new theatre on Wednesday, February 27. Mr. Alma Tadema has designed most of the scenes, and Prof. Herkomer has also given his assistance.

A LETTER from the War Office has been published, stating that, if the effective strength of the Oxford University Volunteer Battalion be not raised to 360 members by June 1, it will be necessary to consider the advisability of withdrawing the adjutant and permanent staff, and taking steps for the disbandment of the corps.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for January 30 prints, in continuation of previous articles, a bibliography of Oxford books for the year 1888, compiled by Mr. F. Madan, of the Bodleian.

THE veteran lexicographer, Dr. Georges, of Gotha, has sent the following reply to the address of congratulation, drawn up by Profs. Nettleship and Sonnenschein, and widely signed by a large number of British scholars, which was printed in the *ACADEMY* of December 1, 1888:

"Den Herrn Gelehrten, welche mir am Tage meiner 60 jährigen Jubiläums als Lexigraph übersendete Adresse gütigst unterzeichnet haben, sage ich meinen tief gefühlten Dank. Ich bin stolz auf die mir erwiesene Ehre, um so stolzer, als die Theilnahme an meinem Jubiläum in Deutschland fast nur auf den Kries mir persönlich befreundeter Gelehrten beschränkt hat."

"Gotha, den 20ten Jan., 1889.

"K. E. GEORGES."

IN connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Mr. J. D. McClure will deliver a course of ten lectures on "Astronomy" in Marylebone. At the first lecture, to be given in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday next, February 5, at 8 p.m.—to which admission is free—the chair will be taken by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

OBITUARY.

KARL ELZE, PH.D., LL.D.

FRIEDRICH KARL ELZE—for such was the full name of the great German Shaksperian who has so quickly followed Halliwell-Phillipps to

the grave—was born at Dessau on May 22, 1821, and died, after a short illness, at Halle on January 21, 1889.

His name is probably better known in England than that of any German author on Shakspeare since Gervinus; and several of his books have been translated into English. He was appointed professor of English philology at Halle in 1872, being the first occupant of the chair. He had previously studied at Leipzig and Berlin in classical philology; but he soon devoted himself to modern languages, and especially to English. A long bibliography of his writings is given in a recent number of the *Hallische Zeitung*. As early as 1857 he published a text of Hamlet, of which a new edition appeared in 1882. A collection of his *Essays on Shakspeare* was translated into English in 1872 by Miss L. Dora Schmitz; and his well-known *Life of Shakspeare* (first German edition, 1876) appeared from the hands of the same translator only last year (George Bell & Sons). He was also the editor of the *Jahrbuch* of the German Shakspeare Society, which dates from 1865, being the result of the enthusiasm aroused in Germany by the celebration of the Shakspeare tercentenary in the previous year. To the publications suggested by that celebration Elze himself contributed a work entitled *Die Englische Sprache und Litteratur in Deutschland* (1864). He further wrote biographies of *Walter Scott* (1864), and *Byron* (1870, second edition 1881), the latter of which was translated into English in the year following its first publication.

As compared with the late Halliwell-Phillipps, with whom it is natural to compare him, Karl Elze was a student and a critic, rather than an antiquary or collector. But in his own particular line—of erudition combined with sound sense—he has left no one, either in Germany or in England, who can exactly fill his place.

We also regret to record the death of Dr. P. A. Tiele, the Dutch librarian and bibliographer, which took place at Utrecht on January 22. Next week we shall print a notice of him by one of his university colleagues.

TRANSLATION.

HELEN AT TROY.

(From *Æschylus's "Agamemnon,"* 681-716, 737-49.)

Who named her? What weird tongue unknown forestalled

Their doom with deft surmise?

Helen! The spear-won wife,

The hell of towns and ships and men at strife,

From her rich canopies

She sallied with giant Zephyr, where he called;

And mailed huntmen in the rowers' wake,

Though Simois' forest sighed

Above the beached galley, plied

The murderous quarrel for her sake.

Aye, Heaven's wrath, upon its purpose bent,

Sped her unkindly kin

To Ilium in time;

And her new brethren, whose loud bridal chime

Attained them of sin

'Gainst hearth and home, abode their punishment.

So Priam's ancient burgh, in other strain

And dirgeful, last and first,

On Paris cries, the bridegroom curst,

For those her children's blood and bitter pain.

That presence softly brooding, for an hour,

Seemed to the town a trance

As of the waves at rest,

A jewel smiling there on Ilium's breast,

A gently darted glance

Of love, that bourgeoned into poignant flower.

But love with death consorting, joys with fears,

On Priam's house she trod,

To venge the hospitable God,

A Fury fed with widows' tears.

GEORGE C. WARR.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first number of *Le Livre* for 1889 contains a note by the editor specifying certain intended changes, such as the "boiling down" of a greater number of small detailed pieces of information and paragraphs into the general *compte-rendu*. The main articles are two—a paper on George Eliot, by M. du Pontavin de Heussey, which would be improved by a little more criticism properly so called; and a very pleasant notice, by the editor, of *Un Almanach des Muses*, a hundred years ago. M. Uzanne, who has had the valuable collaboration of M. Robida as illustrator, and has used it liberally, has made an interesting, agreeable *causerie*, and, indeed, something of a romance, of his subject.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BELGIQUE, la, actuelle, au point de vue commercial, colonial et militaire. Brussels: Muquardt. 1 fr. 50 c.

BUSCHINGER, J. Beiträge zur Entwicklung der russischen Reichsbefestigung in der Zeit vom J. 1855 bis zum J. 1877. Wien: v. Waldheim. 2 M.

SAPORTA, le Marquis de. La Famille de Madame de Sévigné en Provence. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

CHAUFFARD, A. L'Apocalypse et son interprétation historique. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.

WOLF, R. Die siebzig Wochen Daniels. Eine kritisch-exeget. Studie. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

COUDRY, le Marquis de. Renonciations des Bourbons d'Espagne au trône de France. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

GUILLON, A. Napoléon, l'homme, le politique, l'orateur, d'après sa correspondance et ses œuvres. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.

JUBAINVILLE, H. d'Arbois de. Les premiers habitants de l'Europe, d'après les écrivains de l'antiquité et les travaux des linguistes. Seconde édition. T. 1. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.

MATZAT, H. Römische Zeitrechnung 1. die Jahre 219 bis 1 v. Chr. Berlin: Weidmann. 16 M.

MAZADE, Ch. de. Un Chancelier d'ancien Régime: le Règne diplomatique de M. de Metternich. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

TREUBNE, O. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Lykier. Tübingen: Fues. 2 M.

VOIGT, F. Die Klosterpolitik der salischen Kaiser u. Könige in besond. Berücksicht. Heinrichs IV. bis zum J. 1077. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BREDICHIN, Ch. Sur l'origine des étoiles filantes. Leipzig: Voss. 2 M. 40 Pf.

BRUNO, J. Le opere italiane, ristampate da P. de Lagarde. Vol. 2. Göttingen: Dieterich. 12 M.

FRANCHET, A. Plantae Delavayanae. Plantae de Chine, recueillies au Yunnan par l'Abbé Delavay. Livr. 1. Paris: Klincksieck. 10 fr.

POHLIG, H. Dentition u. Kranion d. Elephas antiquus Falc. 1. Abchn. Leipzig: Engelmann. 26 M.

REICHER, R. Lose Blätter aus Kants Nachlass. 1. Hft. Königsberg: L. Fr.: Beyer. 6 M.

SEELIGER, H. Fortgesetzte Untersuchungen ab. das mehrfache Sternensystem ϵ Cancri. München: Franz. 1 M. 80 Pf.

WEINBERG, L. Der Mikrokosmos, e. angeblich im 12. Jahrh. v. dem Cordubenser Josef ibn Zaddik verfaßtes philosophisches System, nach seiner Echtheit untersucht. Breslau: Koebner. 2 M.

ZOFF, W. Zur Kenntnis der Infektions-Krankheiten niederer Thiere u. Pflanzen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 9 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

GOLTHIER, W. Studien zur germanischen sagen-geschichte. München: Franz. 3 M.

GRANZ, E. Th. Ueb. die Quellengemeinschaft d. mittellengischen Gedichtes Siege od. Batayle of Troye u. d. mittelhochdeutschen Gedichtes vom trojanischen Kriege d. Konrad v. Würzburg. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

HENNEMANN, F. Consonantismus d. Gasconischen bis zum Ende d. 13. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

HORATIUS FLACCUS, Q. Erklärt v. A. Kießling. 3. Thl. Briefe. Berlin: Weidmann. 5 M.

MÜLLER, A. Türkische Grammatik. Berlin: Reuther. 8 M.

PAAPE, O. De C. Mario quaestiones selectae. Königsberg: L. Fr.: Koch. 1 M.

RADLOFF, W. Vorsch. e. Wörterbuches der Türk-Dialecte. 1. Lfg. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 3 M. 50 Pf.

SCHIFFER, K. Englische Metrik. In histor. u. systemat. Entwickelung dargestellt. 2. Thl. Neu-englische Metrik. 2. Hälfte. Strophenbau. Bonn: Strauß. 11 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DANTE'S REFERENCES TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Jan. 26, 1889.

In his letter on this subject in the *ACADEMY* of January 26 Dr. Moore quotes the comments of Boccaccio, Buti, and Benvenuto da Imola upon Dante's allusion to Alexander in India (*Inf.* xiv. 31-6), and at the same time asks for information as to several of the authorities mentioned by them. I think I can satisfactorily answer his queries so far as Buti and Benvenuto are concerned.

Benvenuto's "Gallicus ille qui describit [or, according to another reading, 'qui scribit'] Alexandreidam metrice" can hardly be other than Gaultier de Lille, or De Châtillon (commonly known as Gualtherus de Castellione), who was the author of an *Alexandreis*, an epic poem in Latin hexameters on Alexander the Great, based upon the history of Quintus Curtius, and written towards the end of the twelfth century (the murder of Becket, 1170, is referred to as a recent event). This *Alexandreis*, which is in ten books, was several times printed in the fifteenth century, and is, in fact, the identical work quoted from by Dr. Moore in the latter portion of his letter. The colophon of the Paris edition of 1659 mentioned by him gives the date (1278) probably of the execution of the MS. from which that edition is printed. It is certainly not the date of the composition of the original poem, which was written a hundred years earlier, as is proved not only by the allusion to Becket's murder, but also by the fact of its having been dedicated to William I., Archbishop of Rheims, 1176-1202 (see H. L. D. Ward: *Catalogue of Romances in British Museum*, pp. 94-6).

The "libro de' fatti d' Alessandro" spoken of by Buti, if not the same work as that alluded to by Benvenuto, is probably the Italian translation (entitled *I nobili Fatti d' Alessandro Magno*) of the abridged Latin version of Pseudo-Callisthenes, known as *Historia Alexandri Magni, regis Macedoniae, de praeliis*, or more commonly as *Historia de Praeliis*. The author of this Latin version was a certain "Leo archipresbyter," who, in the latter half of the tenth century, was sent on an embassy from Italy to Constantinople, where he found the Greek original from which he made his translation.

To identify Boccaccio's "Guglielmo d' Inghilterra" is not so easy. The only work by an Englishman on Alexander in existence at that date seems to have been a compilation in five books, entitled *De Gestis Macedonum*, written probably between 1146 and 1151, and attributed to a certain Galfridus Hemlingtonus (Geoffrey of Hemlington), a monk of St. Albans. It may be that Boccaccio had this book in mind and wrote "Guglielmo" by mistake; or possibly he wrote "Galfrido d' Inghilterra," and this was subsequently altered by a careless copyist into the more familiar "Guglielmo d' Inghilterra"—on this point the promised critical edition of Boccaccio's *Comento* may perhaps throw some light. It must be admitted, however, that the Compilation of St. Albans never seems to have been much known outside England (see Paul Meyer: *Alexandre le Grand dans la littérature française du Moyen Age*, tom. ii., pp. 52-63).

Regarding the more interesting question as to the source from which Dante derived his account of the episode alluded to in the *Inferno* (xiv. 31-36), I think there can hardly be a doubt that he took it, directly or indirectly, from the spurious *Epistola Alexandri Regis ad Aristotilem preceptorem suum de Mirabilibus Indie*. If taken directly from this source, Dante's description must, as Dr. Moore suggests, have been given from memory (we are apt to forget how largely

writers had to trust to their memories in the days before printing, when books were excessively scarce and inaccessible; but, though he has undoubtedly somewhat confused the details, Dante's account more nearly resembles the original than would appear from the quotations given by Dr. Moore. The two conspicuous features in Alexander's narrative are the snow and the falling flames. Both of these, though in a somewhat different connexion, reappear in the passage in the *Inferno*. A comparison of the following extracts will make this apparent. The Letter says (I have transcribed the passage from a thirteenth-century MS. in the Brit. Mus., Sloane, 1783, fol. 6, verso):

"... frigus ingens uespertino tempore seniebat
Cadere mox in modum uellerum immense nives
quarum aggregationes metuens cum in castra cum-
larentur nives calcari feci ut quam cito pedum
iniuria tabescerent. . . Vna tunc res saluti fuit
quod cum momento temporis ymber nimius sub-
secutus est. . . Quem e uestigio atra nubes sub-
secuta est usque sicut tanquam fauces ardentes descen-
dere ita ut incendio eorum quasi totus campus ardere
uideretur. . . Iussit tunc milites sacras uestes
ignibus opponere."

Dante says:

"Sovra tutto il sabbion d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde,
Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D'India vide sovra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde;
Perch'ei provide a scalpitar lo suolo
Con le sue schiere . . .
Tale scendeva l'eternale ardore;
Onde l'arena s'accendea. . ."

(*Inf.* xiv. 28-38.)

It is possible, however, that Dante's description was only taken indirectly from this source, through the medium of the *Romans d'Alexandre*, a poem in *laissez monorimes* of twelve-syllable lines (hence called "alexandrines"), written in the twelfth century. In an analysis of this poem, given by M. Paul Meyer (*op. cit.*, tom. ii., p. 178), he speaks of Alexander's army being overtaken by "un tourbillon de vent, accompagn  de flammes ardentes qui tombent dru comme la neige." How far this passage, which contains exactly the same simile as occurs in Dante, represents the original I am unable to say, as I have had no opportunity of referring to the latter. At any rate, the episode of the falling flames and the snow occurs in the *Romans*, which may well have been Dante's authority for his account.

As regards Alexander's relations with the Romans, the second point discussed in Dr. Moore's letter, I may mention that in this same poem Alexander is made to boast—"J'ai conquis Rome, Pouille, Calabre, Afrique"; this is prior to his Indian expedition (Paul Meyer, *loc. cit.*, p. 164). Also in a Durham MS. of the *Roman de toute Chevalerie* (containing an account of Alexander), by a certain Eustache, or Thomas of Kent, one of the rubrics is—"Coment Alix. conquist Lombardie," to which the rubric of a Paris MS. of the same romance adds—"et coment les Romains honorerent Alisandre" (Paul Meyer, *op. cit.*, tom. i., p. 178).

It is evident, therefore, that the tradition alluded to by Dante in the *De Monarchia* was current in the Middle Ages; and it may have been derived by him from one or other of the French poems I have named. An examination of the passages in the Romances here indicated would probably do much towards the elucidation of the question.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

Cambridge: Jan. 30, 1889.

Cf. the following: "Cepit enim intollerabile frigus oriri; cadebantque nives magne vt lana.

* So apparently the MS.; printed edd. read *omne* or *scissas*.

Itaque timens Alexander ne cresceret, precepit militibus suis vt eam pedibus conculcarent." *Historia Alexandri de preliis*, ed. 1489, sign. d 6, col. 2. See also *The Wars of Alexander* (E. E. T. S.), ed. Skeat, p. 228, l. 4163, and the notes.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SHAKSPERE'S "BALLOW."

Nottingham: January 18, 1889.

In "Lear," IV. vi. 247, Edgar says "or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder." The meaning of "ballow" seems to be quarter-staff; but as no other trace of the word has been found, it has been emended to "baton." This emendation differs from the vast majority of "improvements" of the poet's words in being reasonable and probable. Indeed, it has the approval of Dr. Murray, who says that "no such word [as 'ballow'] seems to exist, or to have any etymological justification." But, in spite of the strong case in favour of the emendation to "baton," that emendation is unnecessary, for "ballow" is no printer's error, but a genuine word. This will appear from the following quotation from the Nottingham Corporation records:

"And memorandum, there was paid to dyuers for kyddes and ballowe wood, and other services done then, xxxvj^s. xd."

This passage occurs in an account of the expenditure incurred in preparing for the visit of James I. on August 13, 1621, which is entered in the Hall or Council Book for that year (3395, fo. 28). The passage is printed in vol. iv. of the *Records of the Borough of Nottingham*, p. 375 (now in the press). "Kyddes" are, of course, faggots, and "ballowe wood" would therefore appear to be wood of larger growth. It was not, I think, underwood, for that is invariably described in the Nottingham records of this time as "tinsil" or "trowse." The account does not, unfortunately, tell us for what purpose this "ballowe wood" was procured, but there was a payment of £3 15s. 10d. to labourers "for working in the highwaies." The roads, &c., were carefully surveyed and repaired prior to the arrival of the king, who visited Nottingham several times, so that it is probable that the "ballowe wood" was used in repairing gates or fences. This suggests that "ballowe wood" meant young trees or saplings.

Since I met with the above passage I have succeeded in finding an earlier example of the word, which agrees even more closely than the above with Shakspeare's use of the word. In the Hall Book for 1503-4 (3353, p. 15) there is an entry of an action for assault brought by John Bult, one of the sheriffs' sergeants-at-mace, against Thomas Hewett, "cobler," in which he states that the defendant assaulted him "cum uno baculo cum ferro rostrato uocato 'a ballowe staffe.'" If Edgar's "ballow" was similarly beaked with iron, we can understand how he succeeded in slaying a man armed with a sword, which would not be a very easy achievement with a baton. But the 1621 example proves that "ballow" has no reference to the iron of the staff, but to the wood of which it was formed. Still, the earlier passage is of interest as suggesting that Edgar's "ballowe" may have been beaked with iron like that of the Nottingham cobbler of 1503-4.

W. H. STEVENSON.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES."

Cambridge: Jan. 22, 1889.

Some days ago Mr. Bradley asked me in the British Museum whether I could throw any light on the gloss *Lameres*, Anglice *Elmawes* in Willeker's *Vocabularies*, col. 591. But it was a mystery to me. On my return to Cambridge

I noticed that the gloss was one of those copied by Mr. Aldis Wright from a MS. in Trinity College Library, and that therefore no doubt as to its being correctly transcribed could be entertained. Still, as the treasures of the library of Trinity College are always easily accessible, I thought it worth my while to consult the MS., and found there "*Lameres*, id est lamia, vel anglice Elmawes; cetera feminea dicitur quod habet humanam speciem sed corpus bestiale." The gloss was now plain, namely, "*Lameres* (= Lemures, sometimes written Lemores and Laemures), Anglice *Helmaues*."

I thought it better to write a few lines to the ACADEMY than to Mr. Bradley, as the solution of this difficulty, which took some time, will show to all future editors of Glossaries that, with respect to obscure and corrupt glosses, there is not much use in abridging works of this kind.

J. H. HESSELS.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Oxford: Jan. 29, 1889.

The following paragraph appeared on January 24 in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"A rather good story is told of the late Bishop of St. Asaph. His lordship once delivered a short address to a village school on the subject of besetting sins. 'We all,' he said, 'have our besetting sine, myself like the rest. What do you suppose is mine?' Noticing the astonished look on the faces of his youthful hearers at the notion of a Bishop having a besetting sin, the right rev. prelate went on to say, 'Do not be afraid to answer.' At length one little fellow was courageous enough to hold up his hand by way of showing his willingness to respond to the episcopal questioner. 'Well, my boy,' said the Bishop, 'What do you say is my besetting ain?' 'Please, sir,' stammered the lad, 'dronkenness!' 'No,' rejoined his lordship, in the meekest of tones, 'not drunkenness, but vanity.' The Bishop's comment showed at all events that if he was vain he was also not destitute of a certain amount of humility."

On reading this "rather good story" I wrote a short letter to the editor, pointing out that it was well-known in the diocese of St. Asaph before the time of the late bishop—that, in fact, it was told of one of his predecessors. I added that nobody who new Bishop Hughes could believe it of him, as he was a man of sound commonsense and of no vanity, which, I went on to say, was not invariably the case with the English bishops whom the government sent from time to time to appropriate the spoils of St. Asaph, and snub the Welsh clergy of the diocese. I could not help observing also that it was somewhat doubtful whether the "tittle-tattler" had improved on the usual version of the story by the touch of dialect which he gave it in his "dronkenness," for that seemed to me to smack of the wrong side of Offa's Dyke. Be that as it may, the editor took no notice of my letter; and the calumny, published while the bishop's body was on its way to the grave, is now merrily making the round of the provincial press.

This must be my apology for troubling the readers of the ACADEMY with my letter; but I will put myself in order, so to say, by finishing with a bit of philology. Many more stories about the "vanity" bishop are current in the diocese of St. Asaph. I will, however, only mention one. Among other gifts which he thought he possessed was that of lucid and edifying exposition of Scripture, so one day he spoke, greatly to his own satisfaction, on the words "in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest"; and he explained how earing time and harvest were nearly synonymous terms, as "earring" referred to the work of cutting off the ears of the corn and gathering them together. When his instructive dis-

course was over he asked a Welsh clergyman what he thought of it. The latter was not acquainted with the Gothic or even the Anglo-Saxon cognate of the word "earing," but he ventured to suggest that if his lordship could read the words in the Welsh Bible—in the language which this learned prelate detested—he would find reasons to believe that "earing" meant "ploughing." I am sorry to say that I forget the rest of the story. It probably went on to relate what happened to the Welsh parson who was rash enough to teach the "vanity" bishop the meaning of a word in the latter's own language.

JOHN RHYS.

LEGENDS OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS AND THE SWIFTEST MESSENGERS.

London: Jan. 29, 1889.

The passage in Kilhwch and Olwen which Mr. Lethaby communicates to the ACADEMY of January 26, is, of course, perfectly well-known to all students.

Apropos of parallels, a very curious one has just come in my way, and I should be thankful for any light that could be thrown upon it. In Lessing's *Faust* fragment (Lachmann's vol. ii., p. 515) Faust calls up spirits, and claims the services of the swiftest among them. One is swift as is the arrow of pestilence, another swifter than the wind, another than the beam of light, another than the thought of man, another than the vengeance of the Almighty. All these are too slow for the impatient magician. The last spirit alone contents him: he is swift as is the transition from good to evil.

In a Highland tale, communicated by the Rev. Duncan M. Campbell of Appin, Michael Scott has to speed to Rome to obtain the knowledge of Shrovetide. He betakes himself to the fairy riding-fillies—the first is as swift as the wind, the second swifter, the third can outstrip the black blast of March. "Scarcely will you do," says Michael. The fourth alone answers his purpose, she is as swift as the thought of a maiden between her two lovers.

The parallelism is remarkable, especially when it is remembered that the story in each case attaches itself to the wizard *par excellence* of the race. Is there a German folk-tale kindred to the Scotch one from which Lessing may have derived the idea of his scene? The Scotch test of rapidity is proverbial in the Highlands. See Fionn's Questions (Campbell, vol. iii.).

In the after part of the tale, the Pope is disinclined to impart his knowledge. But, on Michael Scott's pointing out to his Holiness, who has just risen from bed, and thrust his feet into the first pair of slippers that come to hand, that he is shod as a lady, *il s'humanise*; and henceforth there was never any necessity for Scotland to apply to Rome for guidance. This theme is a well-known one. Perhaps, Dr. Köhler, who reads the ACADEMY, will say if this variant is known to him.

ALFRED NUTT.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN IN ENGLAND.

London: Jan. 26, 1889.

I should have mentioned that I gave the inscription on R. Moses ben Isaac's tombstone in an amended form as well as I could from Thoms's reading, which is utter nonsense as it stands. Luckily the name is quite certain, and it was with that I was chiefly concerned. The letters ר' משה בן יצחק before Isaac's name in Stow should be divided thus—ר' משה בן יצחק. R. Moses in the Preface to his "Onyx Book," applies them to his father Isaac. They are merely honorary, and do not imply much more than that Isaac had some pretensions to Hebrew learning. The term ר' nowadays

applied to a chief rabbi, was not so significant in the early Middle Ages. Certainly Isaac could not have had any claims to that title, as we know the names of the Presbyters of the Jews of Early England from Henry I.'s time onwards, and none of them was named Isaac. The title "Chacham" (usually spelt "Haham" and in Portuguese writers "Jaxam") is only current among the Spanish Jews, and was introduced among them after the expulsion from Spain in 1492.

I do not know of any dispute as to the time when the above designations became current in England. Perhaps Mr. Hall is thinking of the distinction between the titles "Episcopus" and "Presbyter" as applied to leading English Jews before the expulsion in 1290. I am of opinion that "Episcopus" means one of the three *dayanim* or judges who constitute the *Beth Din* or ecclesiastical tribunal which is to be found in every large Jewish community, while "Presbyter" applies to the *Ab-beth-din* or president of that tribunal. There is an interesting passage about "an Israelite bishop without guile" in Robertson's *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket* (Rolls Series, iv. 151-2).

JOSEPH JACOBS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 4, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Caedmon: our First Poet in the Island of England," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Factors of Evolution in Language," by Mr. J. J. Murphy; "Intelligence among the Aborigines of Australia," by Dr. Fraser.

TUESDAY, Feb. 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," III., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Manufacture of Sevres Porcelain," by M. Etouard Garnier.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Romanian and other little-known Versions of the Apocrypha of Jeremiah," by Dr. Gaster.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Working of Steep Inclines on Railways."

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Species of Batrachians of the Genus *Rhacophorus* confounded under the Name of *R. maculatus*," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Characters of some New Species of Birds of the Family Dendrocolaptidae," by Mr. P. L. Selater; "Some New Species and a New Genus of Araneidae," by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 6, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Status of the County Council," by Mr. G. M. Gomme.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Occurrence of Palaeolithic Flint Implements in the Neighbourhood of Igham, Kent, their Distribution and Probable Age," by Mr. Joseph Prestwich; "The Cotswold, Midford, and Xcovil Sands, and the Division between Lias and Oolite," by Mr. S. S. Buckman.

8 p.m. Cymrodorion: "The Early History of Bangor Monachorum, with an Account of the District, East of Offa's Dyke, reconquered by the Northern Welsh in the Eleventh Century," by Mr. A. N. Palmer.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Plays of Thomas Dekker," by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," III., by Prof. J. W. Judd.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Unusual Features in Old Churches," by Mr. Thackeray Turner; "Banbury Cross," by Mr. W. Lovell.

8 p.m. London Institution: "Men, Women, and Artists," by Mr. Harry Quilter.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Researches on the Constitution of Azo- and Diazo-Derivatives, V., Compounds of the Naphthalene β Series," by Prof. Meldola and Mr. G. T. Morgan; "Researches on the Laws of Substitution in the Naphthalene Series," by Mr. H. E. Armstrong; "The Action of Nitric Acid on Anthracene," by Mr. A. G. Perkin; "Methyl Fluoride," by Mr. N. Collie.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 8, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting: "Flexible Wheel-Bases of Railway Rolling-Stock," by Mr. J. D. Twinberrow.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Shakespeare's Development in Comedy," II., by Miss Grace Latham.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrostatic Measurement," by Sir William Thomson.

SATURDAY, Feb. 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, III., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.

3 p.m. Physical: Annual General Meeting, "Physico-Geometrical Models," by Prof. A. H. Herschel.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Physical Realism: being an Analytical Philosophy from the Physical Objects of Science to the Physical Data of Sense. By Thomas Case. (Longmans.)

THIS book is a courageous attempt to harmonise the theories of knowledge put forward by empiricist metaphysic with the current theory of molecular physics as held by the unmetaphysical student of natural science. Or it might be described as an attempt to restore mental philosophy to the standpoint of Bacon, and to undo the work done by modern philosophy generally, from Descartes to Hegel.

Physical science, Mr. Case points out, now compels us to believe in the existence of a world of molecules and aether, which, together with their motions, must always be both imperceptible and unimaginable, but which nevertheless the rules of logic require us to assume as the only possible explanation of the phenomena we perceive. Philosophy meanwhile has started from the percipient subject—not unfrequently, indeed, from the subject in its least known stage, the hypothetical infant—and has attempted (confusing, *e.g.*, p. 35, object and operation) to construct the known world out of sensations and their association, assuming that these sensations, the immediate objects of perception, are purely mental. The two views are thus wholly divergent. For the imperceptible and unimaginable (Mr. Case calls it "inconceivable," but that word is ambiguous) can never be constructed out of sensations; and yet it is pre-eminently the known. We must then begin with this known world, the object as revealed to us by the best available knowledge of natural science, and proceed from it to the less known—the percipient subject and his perceptions. We must, in short, follow Aristotle rather than Descartes or Hume. When we do this we find that this external world cannot possibly be psychical, being imperceptible and unimaginable. As non-psychical we may call it physical. To explain this physical object we must assume physical data. The immediate objects of perception from which these physical realities are logically inferred must be physical as well. Now, science also teaches us that the immediate antecedent of a perception is some state of the nervous system. The inference, then, is that it is this state which is the immediate object in perception. The percipient subject—who is conscious of himself both as physical and as psychical—directly perceives a particular motion of the nervous system. It is true he does not perceive it as such, but that is only because the nervous system is not quite adequate. In the course of human evolution it may become more so, and we may perceive as motion what we now perceive as heat, or sound, or colour (a most disagreeable prospect). In perception, however, reasoning, of course (and, I suppose, association), co-operates, and the so-called "perceived object" is, in fact, largely composed of inferred elements. But these

elements, too, are physical. A physical world like that posited by molecular physics requires physical elements of perception as its ground (a notable inversion of the usual idealist argument, that the perceptions being mental their antecedents must be mental too). Rejecting, then, the intuitive realism of Reid and Stewart, because it holds that we directly perceive the external object, and the cosmthetic idealism (of, e.g., Mr. Herbert Spencer), because it is irreconcilable with the results of the most perfect form of knowledge we possess, Mr. Case propounds this intermediate theory, which he proposes to call "physical realism." Next, like a good Aristotelian, having stated the truth, he proceeds to state the cause of the error of idealism; or, rather, to trace its history from the revolution introduced by Descartes to the "most uncritical philosophy" of Kant (p. 323), the vestibule of which he says he cannot be expected to enter, though he does enter it—not, perhaps, with entirely satisfactory results. But it is the historical part of the book that will be read with most interest, and that has, I think, most permanent value, both as a criticism and for his occasional remarks on logic and on Aristotle, which are only what might be expected in clearness and distinctness by those who, like the present writer, have had the good fortune to attend his lectures at Oxford. Descartes, he maintains, in his famous reconstruction of the known world, really began with a hypothetical premise. He found he could suppose he had no body; and he therefore argued that if he had no body his mind and its content would at any rate exist. As a fact, however, we are directly conscious that we have bodies. His premise is purely hypothetical, and the conclusion that mind perceives only mental elements, and not physical elements, is only hypothetical too. Locke simply removes Descartes' hypothesis from the premises to the conclusion (p. 141), and so maintains that all the immediate objects of the understanding are ideas. True, he has a realist theory as well, but the two are not successfully reconciled; and, though he admits reflection and reasoning, yet he further opens the way to a complete and consistent idealism by supposing that reflection and reasoning, as well as sensation, are concerned about "ideas." Berkeley made Locke's idealism logical and consistent, and (Mr. Case holds) wrote the *New Theory of Vision* to support his idealist theory. Mr. Case then traces the development of the theory in Hume and Kant, and winds up with a promise—which it is to be hoped may soon be fulfilled—of a second volume, part of which is already in type, on post-Kantian idealism and the logic of science.

Mr. Case's historical criticism is, I think, for reasons which will appear presently, very much the most valuable part of his work. But it is not all of equal value. A criticism on Berkeley's theory of vision should surely take into account—especially when attacking idealism—the mass of recent work on the subject in Germany and elsewhere. Mr. Case's main attack on Berkeley is directed against his neglect of retinal magnitude, and does not seem to deal at all with the physiological aspects of the question. Still more open to question is the treatment of Hume. Mr. Case regards the *Inquiry concerning Human*

Understanding, Hume's later work, as the authorised expression of Hume's views; and the *Treatise*—though containing views by no means retracted in the later work—as of somewhat inferior authority (p. 257). Now, it is precisely these views in the *Treatise* which are the central difficulty of sceptical idealism; and it seems evident, on reading the two works, that Hume, finding no way out of his difficulties, dropped the attitude of the ancient sceptic and assumed that of the modern positive philosopher, attacking metaphysics as a mere device of theologians to enslave mankind, and making an incursion into its domain simply to combat the theologians on their own ground, and to obtain that minimum theory of things which is all that the philosophic agnostic can hope to possess, but which he requires for purposes of action and life. Mr. Case seems entirely to overlook this change of attitude; yet it seems obvious, from a comparison of the first book of the *Treatise*, with its much more elaborate division of ideas, its fuller treatment of mathematics, and especially its examination of space, time, and the soul, with the first chapter of the *Inquiry*. The former belongs to Hume's life as a recluse and inquirer, the latter to his life as a man of the world. Mr. Case seems to quote from them indiscriminately. With Kant, I think, Mr. Case is even less successful. Least of all philosophers can Kant be dealt with apart from his historical antecedents. His *Criticism of Pure Reason* is really a criticism of the metaphysical structure erected by his predecessors. It is an attempt to find a new basis for exact science in the categories and the unity of apperception. Mr. Case seems to treat it as an attempt to idealise further (in spite of Kant's so-called refutation of idealism). It surely should be regarded rather as an attempt to meet Hume's scepticism by a cosmthetic idealism which will admit of natural science rather than by a cosmthetic idealism which will not. Mr. Case seems to me to ignore much of the destructive element in Kant and to misconceive the constructive. I cannot but think that he treats Kant too much as if Kant were solely concerned with the individual mind; and that his misconception is most evident in his treatment of Kant's view of mathematical judgments. He maintains that the propositions of arithmetic are deducible from definitions of the numbers: the true definition of 12 is not $12 = 7 + 5$, but $12 = 11 + 1$, which is an analytical proposition. Doubtless it is when you know it; but you have to make the synthesis, you have to count 11 and 1 are 12, "as anyone may see," says Kant, "by trying large numbers." Yet once made it is made for ever. Kant himself gives an illustration of his meaning as regards geometry. You cannot, by meditating on the definition of a triangle, discover the relation of its interior angles to two right angles. You have to connect these angles in a particular case with two right angles, which you do by interposing certain properties of parallel straight lines. Mr. Case here ignores geometry, and with it Kant's best illustration, and deals with arithmetic, ignoring there Kant's other illustration. But the most surprising feature in Mr. Case's historical examination is the total absence of any criticism of theories of causation. In one place, indeed, he seems to

admit both efficient and material causes (p. 30); and throughout the book he tacitly assumes, apparently as involved in the existence of logic, the law of causation. But he neither distinctly justifies his own assumption nor says anything about the various forms of the theory in Locke, Hume, and Kant. I gather, indeed, that he adopts Locke's inconsistent and eminently anthropomorphic theory (*Essay*, ii., c. 21). But he does not appear to mention it; and it is a pity he does not, because it is in the development of the theory of causation that the main strength of modern idealism lies. Once show that causation is reducible to constant sequence, and that "power" is only a name for a generalised expectation of sequences to be perceived by human minds, and all ground is removed for the supposition of unknowable causes of our sensations—"noumena" in Mill's sense—things *per se* behind phenomena. Mr. Case may reply that he has overthrown idealism at an earlier stage of its growth by destroying the relativity of the object of perception; but it is none the less a pity that he did not notice this part of the theory. And does Mr. Case, when he maintains that Kant's philosophy knows of other units than those of arithmetic—for instance, the unity of apperception (p. 368)—really believe that Kant thought that unities of apperception can be counted, or that the Divine Unity can be added to the unity of apperception and the result expressed by $1 + 1 = 2$? Moreover, the Divine Unity (p. 368) is most emphatically outside the scope of the *Kritik*. And Mr. Case retains the simple faith in Bacon (pp. 94, 318) which one would expect Liebig's work to have overthrown.

Along with all this debateable matter there is, of course, a great deal of very great interest and value. Incidentally, in the chapter on Hume, we have a sketch of a new theory of inductive logic, amplifying the realistic side of Mill, and substituting the "axiom of generality" for the "law of causation" or "law of the uniformity of nature"—a theory which does not at present seem to me an improvement, but which ought to be developed in an independent work. And nothing can be better than Mr. Case's occasional remarks on Aristotle (e.g., pp. 38, 88, *seq.*), on the procedure of ancient philosophy (p. 38), on the "over-schematising" of logic, and the consequent irrational separation of conception, judgment, and reasoning (p. 317)—though, by the way, the germs of a similar view are to be found in Kant, and the criticism has often been made, though less concisely—his rehabilitation of Lambert's dicta of the three figures (p. 294), his clear separation of Locke's two theories as to the external world, and a number of his incidental remarks on logic (e.g., p. 69) and criticisms, especially on Descartes.

But the fundamental misapprehension of the book is in the very first page. It does not follow that, because the molecules of science have been posited as "imperceptible" or "unimaginable," they are therefore not phenomenal, but "physical" or "material" in Berkeley's sense—things which exist out of relation to our mind. To show this it is only necessary to refer to the history of the molecular hypothesis. Of course, here I share that complete ignorance of science, other than as presented in popular lectures, which besets

almost all students of the literary side of philosophy; but I believe it will be found that, imperceptible and unimaginable as molecules and aether are now held to be, the notions of them have arisen by gradual modification of sensuous images. This, at least, I gather from books like Lange's *History of Materialism* (e.g., vol. ii., p. 350 seq.) and Wundt's *Logik*. The atomic theory, transferred bodily from ancient philosophy—not, as Mr. Case says, by Bacon (p. 94), who was probably little read, but by Bacon's contemporary Gassendi—seems to have been modified by the gradual removal of more and more of the content of the mental picture of the atoms or corpuscles—their rough surfaces and teeth, their differences of shape, even (with Bosovich) their materiality, until it has become the molecular hypothesis. They are now thought of symbolically by most imperfectly presented mental pictures; but they have not been directly discovered or invented by the physicist. The notion has arisen by a gradual whittling down of sensuous presentations. It may be said that we must assume a mind to effect this; but this, though valid as an objection to the scepticism of Hume, is eminently invalid against the modern idealist, who, admitting what Mr. Case says, would yet claim his right to interpret the term "physical" as he pleases, and in mental terms if moral or other phenomena seem to require it. From Prof. Tait let me appeal to his coadjutor Prof. Balfour Stewart, who (in the *Contemporary Review*, July, 1884) has put forward a modified form of the Berkleian theory, and supposes the physical atom to be "the result of an operation performed on itself by a Divine Mind." Or I might refer to the well-known tract of Prof. Dubois Reymond (*Grenzen d. Naturerkennens*), which asserts that our knowledge of nature is in truth no knowledge, but a substitute for an explanation; that a physical atom is occasionally a useful fiction" (p. 20); and that, in short, the dark, dumb world of the molecular physicist is merely a mode in which we represent the causal conjunction of phenomena. Now, these authorities approach the question from the purely scientific side. How, then, can it be held, as Mr. Case does, that idealism is incompatible with the molecular theory of scientific men?

All through the book, in short, the reader is constantly asking this question: What does Mr. Case mean by *physical*? Not (apparently) unperceived by the Divine Mind, but: not constructed out of our sensations. For Mr. Case holds that a Divine Mind can be inferred as a first cause from nature. But, as Mr. Case holds that the Divine Mind both perceives and sustains the physical, and the human mind infers it, is he not offending against the rule of Occam? May not "the physical" be, as Dubois Reymond seems to imply, an ideal construction; or as Berkeley and Prof. Balfour Stewart would say, some kind of mode or result of the Divine Mind? But to maintain this latter position would be to follow Mr. Case into a region where philosophy had best not penetrate. The future historian, finding that Mr. Case holds that certain axioms are the laws of the forms of logical processes, but not premises in the processes (p. 292), may point out that this is very like Kant's view of certain of his *a priori* principles, and may

write a book on the "Apriorism of Case" as a companion to Dr. Webb's *Intellectualism of Locke*. A very moderate amount of interpretation indeed—assisted by the doctrine "Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem"—would convert the creed here put forward into idealism.

I must, however, most earnestly deprecate Mr. Case's appeals to Christians (p. 379), and, in particular, his introduction of a mystery of the Christian faith (p. 194). The experience of centuries has shown that philosophy, equally with natural science, is, as Bacon said, not to be sought in Scripture; and considering that the Christian creed has been successfully held with every form of philosophical theory, from "crass" materialism to the purest idealism, its interest is not very likely to be promoted by Mr. Case placing the only way of salvation in a new form of realism. It is true that this appeal may be regarded as a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, mainly of local and temporary interest; but none the less is it to be deprecated. Mr. Case's natural theology, too (e.g. p. 211), is now, one would have thought, untenable except as matter of faith. Indeed, I have sometimes been tempted to regard his whole book as a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*—an appeal to the Oxford Greats man, who knows there is a science school, but has just been staggered by Mill's psychological theory of the belief in an external world—but not as an effective attack on the kind of idealism which is now current among more advanced students. Perhaps this view is too narrow; but it is to his next volume (with its chapters on Hegel, p. 380) that we must look for an attack which shall possess "actuality." However, whether we are idealists or realists, I cannot but think that the most effective argument for a true "physical realism" will be found in post-Kantian and not in pre-Cartesian philosophy. It is to will, to emotion, to morals (as Kant and Feuerbach indicated) that we must look for proof of external existence: not to an analysis of the theory of knowledge, which ends at last in an ambiguous term. But it ought to be possible to formulate the logic of science independently of metaphysical theory; and I can only hope that a future volume may fill up the sketch of induction, deduction, and analogy, which is a kind of parenthesis in his chapter on Hume.

JAMES SAUMAREZ MANN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALLEGED HITTITE TABLETS IN BERLIN.

London: Jan. 25, 1889.

With reference to a note in the ACADEMY of January 19, I wrote to Prof. Eberhard Schrader, of Berlin, the distinguished Assyriologist; and I have been favoured with the following reply. It will be seen that the last announcement of the disappearance of the Hittite mystery resembles some which had preceded:

"It is not quite right that 'a large number of cuneiform tablets have reached Berlin, which are in the Hittite language, some of them being bilingual,' &c. There is here only one tablet in cuneiform characters, which is not written in the Assyrian or Babylonian language. The language may be Hittite. This is one of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets. A bilingual inscription in the common sense does not exist here."

THOMAS TYLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON has long been engaged upon certain problems that lie at the base of the science of heredity. The more important of his results, set forth in an orderly way, together with a large amount of new matter, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in a volume to be entitled *Natural Inheritance*.

THE medals and funds to be given at the anniversary meeting of the Geological Society on February 15 have been awarded by the Council as follows: The Wollaston Medal to Prof. T. G. Bonney, the Murchison Medal to Prof. Prof. James Geikie, the Lyell Medal to Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins, and the Bigsby Medal to Mr. J. J. Harris Teall; the balance of the Wollaston Fund to Mr. A. Smith Woodward, of the British Museum; that of the Murchison Fund to Mr. Grenville A. J. Cole, of the Science Schools, South Kensington; and that of the Lyell Fund to M. L. Dollo, of the Royal Museum at Brussels.

THE fifteenth general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching was held on Saturday, January 19, at University College, London. After the reading of the report of the council, Mr. R. B. Hayward, who had been president for eleven years, resigned the presidency; and the post was conferred on Mr. G. M. Minchin, professor of applied mathematics in the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill. In the place of Mr. Moulton, Mr. Hayward was elected a vice-president; while the other vice-presidents—the Rev. G. Richardson, Mr. R. Levett, and Mr. R. Tucker—retain their posts. In the course of his valedictory address, the retiring president remarked that, though they had not quite attained the expectations of some of their more ardent reformers, still they had met with a fair measure of success. Their influence was rather indirect than direct; and it must be expected that their advance would be, while steady, yet comparatively slow. The new president (Prof. Minchin) read a paper on "The Vices of our Scientific Education."

RUMOURS have recently been rife in chemical circles to the effect that Prof. Krüss, of Munich, has effected the decomposition of nickel and cobalt. It appears from a communication published in the *Chemical News* that Dr. Krüss has actually split up each of these metals, regarded previously as elementary bodies, into two parts, and found that both metals contain a common constituent. He has succeeded in obtaining green so-called nickel salts from the red cobalt salts and the colourless salts of the common component; while he has, on the contrary, transformed green nickel salts into red cobalt salts and other constituents. The characters of the new body obtained from both nickel and cobalt are not yet fully known, but they indicate a metal hitherto unrecognised.

THE Faculty of Natural Sciences of the Florence University have conferred on Mr. E. H. Man, author of *The Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Andaman Isles* (Trübner), the Galileo medal for special merit in the cause of science, and for valuable collections sent to their museums. Mr. Man last year received a gold medal from the Emperor of Austria for a collection of Nicobarese objects presented to the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. JAMES GEORGE SCOTT, of the Burmese Service, has found time, in spite of the arduous duties of his frontier post, to collect and send home to his brother, the bursar of St. John's College, Cambridge, a very valuable selection

of Pali, Burmese, and Shan MSS. Among the former are the *Patika Vagga* of the great *Digha Nikaya*, complete, with a commentary in Pali; a complete copy of the *Yamakas*; a portion of *Buddhaghosa's Sumangala Vilasini*, and the whole of the *Attha Sālini*, his first work; and a copy of the *Sārattha Dipani Tikā*, an important mediaeval treatise on Buddhist Canon Law. Besides these well-known standard works, there is also the MS. of a considerable treatise on Buddhist ethics hitherto unknown, entitled the *Mani Sāra Mahājāna*. Prof. Rhys Davids and Prof. Carpenter have issued the first volume of their edition of the *Sumangala*. With that exception, all the above works are unedited. Among the Burmese books is a translation of the celebrated "Questions of Milinda," in which the Greek king Menander discusses Buddhist ethics with the elder named Nāgasena.

PROF. MENAYEFF, of St. Petersburg, is editing, for the Pali Text Society, the *Bodhicaryāvatāra*, a Sanskrit work on the Buddha's attainment of the supreme insight, or Bodhi.

MR. BUNYIN NANJIO, formerly of Oxford, and the author of the excellent catalogue of Chinese Buddhist books published by the Clarendon Press, has nearly completed an edition of *Saddharma-pundarika*, already translated by Prof. Kern for the series of "Sacred Books of the East."

A WORK on the Evolution of Hebrew by Dr. Edkins, of Peking, will be published immediately by Messrs. Tribner & Co. He represents the current Hebrew syntax as modern and the syntax revealed in many parts of the paradigms of verbs as ancient. He finds that in the oldest forms of the language there is proof that the nominative preceded the verb and the adjective the substantive. But if Semitic languages can be reduced to a form where Semitic peculiarities disappear, it becomes possible to derive Semitic speech from an old type which has, farther east, given origin to the Tartar (Ural Altaic) and Chinese families. Prof. Sayce, in his *Introduction to the Science of Language*, has recognised that Semitic tongues have borrowed some characteristics from old Egyptian. Before these borrowings, Dr. Edkins aims to prove that Semitic speech was monosyllabic, and had a natural syntax like the Chinese.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Anniversary Meeting.— (Wednesday, Jan. 16.)

DR. D. SHARP, president, in the chair.—An abstract of the treasurer's accounts, showing a balance in the society's favour, was read by Mr. Osbert Salvin, one of the auditors; and Mr. H. Goss read the report of the council. It was announced that the following gentlemen had been elected as officers and council for 1889: president, Lord Walsingham; treasurer, Mr. E. Saunders; secretaries, Mr. H. Goss and Canon Fowler; librarian, Mr. F. Grut; council, Mr. H. W. Bates, Capt. H. J. Elwes, Mr. W. H. B. Fletcher, Mr. F. DuCane Godman, Prof. R. Meldola, Dr. P. B. Mason, Mr. Osbert Salvin, and Dr. D. Sharp.—Dr. Sharp, the outgoing president, then delivered an address, for which a vote of thanks to him was moved by Capt. Elwes, seconded by Mr. Salvin, and carried.—A vote of thanks to the treasurer, secretaries, and librarian was moved by Mr. J. W. Dunning, seconded by Lord Walsingham, and carried. Mr. Saunders, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Grut severally replied.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Jan. 16.)

DR. W. MARCET, president, in the chair.—The report of the council showed that a large amount of work had been done during the past year, and that considerable progress had been made in the investigation of one of the most interesting and hitherto neglected branches of meteorology—viz.,

thunderstorms.—Forty-nine new fellows were elected last year, the total number on the books now being 525.—The president delivered an address on "Fogs," illustrated by a number of interesting lantern slides. Fogs and clouds are one and the same thing. A cloud is a fog when entered into; and a fog seen from a distance, suspended in the air, becomes a cloud. After describing the various kinds of fog—e.g., river, sea, Newfoundland, radiation, town, &c., fogs—Dr. Marcet referred to London fogs. Dr. Tyndall has accounted for them by assuming each particle of condensed vapour to be covered by coal smoke. These fogs usually accompany a high barometer, and are frequently dry in their character. It is a well-known fact that cold air on the tops of hills, being heavier than the air below, slides down the slopes, so that the lower parts of the hill-sides are actually colder than the plains at some distance from the hills. Now London, in the Thames Valley, is surrounded by hills—to the north, Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow; in a westerly direction, Putney and Wimbledon; and in a more southerly direction, Clapham and Sydenham. The air is colder on these hills than in London with its millions of inhabitants, its coal-fires and factories, hence it is heavier, and will have a great tendency to slide down the hills towards the town and river. Should the air in town be on the point of saturation, and the cold air from above saturated with vapour, it is obvious that the increased cold from above will produce a precipitation of moisture, and it will come to pass that a fog is produced. If the hill-tops be not only colder than the air below, but enveloped in a fog, it stands to reason that the fog below will be all the denser, and especially in the neighbourhood of water, such as the River Thames and the ornamental waters in the parks. The following were elected the officers and council for the ensuing year:—President: Dr. W. Marcet. Vice-Presidents: F. C. Bayard, H. F. Blandford, W. Ellis, R. Inwards. Treasurer: H. Perigal. Trustees: Hon. F. A. R. Russell, S. W. Silver. Secretaries: G. J. Symons, Dr. J. W. Tripe. Foreign Secretary: R. H. Scott. Council: E. D. Archibald, W. M. Beaufort, A. Brewin, G. Chatterton, W. H. Dines, F. B. Edmonds, C. Harding, B. Latham, Captain J. P. Maclear, E. Mawley, H. Southall, Dr. C. T. Williams.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 21.)

SIR W. W. HUNTER in the chair.—The secretary read an abstract of a paper by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, on "The Djurtchen of Manchuria." This interesting people occupied an important position in Central Asia during the Middle Ages. Their rulers, under the name of the Kin or "Golden" Dynasty, reigned over the northern half of China; and it was only the all-powerful Mongols who were able to oust them. But very little is known either of their language or of their literature; and even the correct spelling and pronunciation of their name has been open to doubt. All that we know of them is derived from Chinese sources; and the Chinese writing being uncertain in its reproduction of foreign words, European writers have spelt their name in very different ways. By a comparison of all the forms of it given by Chinese authors, the professor concludes that the name of the people, as used by themselves, must have been Djurtchen. Remains of their language have been discovered in vocabularies drawn up for the use of the Interpreters' College in Peking, which were, probably, studied there as late as 1658. There is a copy of these vocabularies preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and Dr. Hirth, of the German Consular Service, has lately discovered another. The Djurtchen had two forms of writing—a larger and a smaller. The former has been found used on the celebrated bilingual inscription of Lang Kinn Salikan, erected in 1134, and several times published in Europe. The smaller ones have been supposed to be those of one of the six used in another celebrated inscription—that of King-yung-kwan; but they are not really so. A sketch of the known history of the Djurtchen concluded the paper; and in the course of this it was shown that they were descended from the same stock, but were not the direct ancestors of the Manchus, and that it was almost certainly the Djurtchen dynasty who originated the wearing of the pigtail, generally introduced into China, as a national fashion, since 1627.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, January 23.)

DR. W. KNIGHTON in the chair.—A paper was read, on "Ariosto and the romance of Chivalry in Italy," by Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, foreign secretary. Starting from the fact that Ariosto did not seek out a subject for his great poem, but found it ready to hand in the popular Italian version of the Carolingian cycle, the reader argued that this cycle must have been long established in Italy to be current among the people, as a folk-song, when Pulci wove it into his "Morgante Maggiore." It was certainly, therefore, a popular possession long before it was made a delight for men of letters. But in Italy, the reader believed the romance of chivalry never really took root, for it was never seriously accepted as in other lands. In Italy it was always matter for jest and merriment, and not for encouragement to the crusading spirit. In support of this view, the reader gave specimens alike of the Roland Legend, as it appears in the pseudo-Turpin, and of characteristic passages from the works of Pulci and Boiardo, as well as of Ariosto, showing the very different aspects of the legend in the hands of the authors of the original epic and of its Italian version. The crusading spirit the reader considered to have been dead in Italy and in Europe generally in the days of Ariosto as in those of Tasso, beyond possibility of revival. Ariosto was capable of almost Dantesque writing, as in his description of Suspicion; he was a powerful satirist, as in his description of Discord and Silence; he was a great Italian poet, but he was not the poet of Italy.—The chairman stated that he thought that the reader had scarcely placed Ariosto upon so high a pinnacle in Italian literature as he might have done. For his part, he believed in him as an earnest writer; and, though he might be satirical, yet he was quite as frequently serious.—Dr. Tacopo Arata, from Genoa, congratulated Mr. Carmichael upon his appreciation of Ariosto, and expressed general agreement with the views he had enunciated.—Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after intimating a doubt as to the possibility of foreign critics ever really comprehending the full force of a writer—a remarkable instance of which was visible even in German criticism upon Shakespeare—went on to declare his opinion that an author leading the frugal and modest life which Ariosto did could hardly be other than earnest in composition.

THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—(Friday, Jan. 25.)

PROF. SIDGWICK, president, in the chair.—The president explained the attitude of the society, as represented by its most active investigators, in reference to the physical phenomena of spiritualism. They held now—as when the society was founded—that there were good grounds for treating the question of the genuineness of these phenomena as open, and as deserving of serious and systematic investigation; but as they had resolved to avoid paid mediums, and as no conclusion could be reasonably arrived at without repeated experiments under rigorous conditions, the difficulties of obtaining suitable opportunities for investigation were very great. He hoped, however, that these difficulties would be overcome.—Mr. T. Barkworth then read a paper on "The Analogy between Hypnotic Phenomena and certain Experiences of the Normal Consciousness," in which, after discussing the extent to which automatism can be carried in musical improvisation, &c., he distinguished two types of memory—the one operating by successive concatenated impressions, the second by a homogeneous pictorial impression—and brought evidence from hypnotic phenomena to show that this pictorial memory belongs especially to that state.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

I.

THE second series of Examples of British Art from 1737 to 1837 proves no less attractive than its predecessor. As before, a good deal of its interest consists in lesser works by great men, and in examples of lesser men of whom

the ordinary public of these days knows little or nothing; but to the students of the English school, as a school, such pictures are very welcome in filling up gaps in existing knowledge and in testifying to the fact that, outside the few great names of English art, there are others whose works are worthy of study and admiration. No view of English art can be complete without taking into consideration the small as well as the great; and it is the special value of such exhibitions as this that the small and the great appear together in something like their proper proportion, as elements of the body of worthy pictorial effort in England during the century which produced them.

All the greater artists of the early part of the century are represented, and several of them by masterpieces, while of others the show is unusually fine. This is especially the case with the Norwich school, the Cromes being numerous and of very high quality. The same may be said of the Vincents; and of Cotman there is probably his masterpiece in oil, though unfortunately not in the best condition. By Morland there are a number of choice examples. Of less-known men the most fully represented is Edward Bristow, the painter of rustic scenes and animals. Excellently drawn is his "Old White Mare" (71). The state of landscape art before Gainsborough is illustrated by examples of George Barret, Sen., the artist who flourished while Wilson starved; and of Wootton, to whose works the early landscapes of Gainsborough show a likeness. Then, belonging more to the Morland group, we have works by Ibbetson and De Lonthembourg—scenic and rustic at the same time—and a bright and highly finished example of Richard Corbould, half Zuccarelli, half Gainsborough. As little known to the present generation are the names of H. D. Hamilton, John Russell, and Daniel Gardner, the pastelists; and even the example of George Knapp, who was a master in this art as then practised, will be a surprise to many. Those who know their *Boydell Shakespeare* will be glad to meet the Rev. Matthew William Peters again; and the name of Henry Singleton will remind many others of the charmingly engraved book of illustrations published by Sharp and others. Henry Walton has a newer sound; and the two examples of his work, especially a lady on a sofa with a grey dress and a big muff, are charming in their broad treatment and well-selected colour. It will not be of so much advantage to the fame of other artists that their works should be seen here. Of the portraits by George Dawe and M. King, and of a dreadful pastel of William Chaworth, by one Stanley, the less said critically the better; but this last, like some other works, has an interest apart from its skill.

To begin with the great painters. There are fourteen examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and fourteen of Romney, nine Gainsboroughs, six Wilsons, thirteen Old Cromes, four Turners, six Hogarths, and three Wilkies; and many of them are of a high class. The Queen sends Wilkie's "Penny Wedding" (47) and "Blindman's Buff" (45). They look rather brown, and the former thin and faded; but both are still inimitable in spirit and character, and in that charming union of high spirits and fidelity to humble life with refinement and sense of beauty which mark his rendering of such subjects. The most important contribution to our knowledge of Sir Joshua are the portraits lent by the Earl of Aylesford. They include Henry, the fourth earl (23), somewhat surly, with his left hand in his breeches pocket; Frances, Countess of Dartmouth (46), an exquisite example of the master. Piquant but natural, with her pretty fingers interlaced, reminding us a little of Mrs. Abington, she sits in the open air with her left arm resting on the trunk of a tree. It is charming in colour and composi-

tion. Lord Dartmouth (95) is a worthy pendant to the countess, and the Marquis of Granby (76), with claymore and cuirass, is full of vigour and character. Of more ordinary quality are the second Earl of Aylesford (173) and the fourth Countess (91). Lord Burton sends one of the best preserved and most finely coloured of all Sir Joshua's works—the half-lengths of the Masters Gawler with their Newfoundland dog (50); a glowing portrait of Mrs. Morris, fine and meditative; and one of the most vigorous and pleasant of the artist's many portraits of Admiral Keppel (40). An early, rather green, but simple and agreeable portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, with a rose at her breast, from the Albemarle collection is lent by Mr. E. L. Raphael. Of Sir Joshua's children it would be difficult to find a sweeter than Sir Robert Harvey's little Miss Harvey, with her sunny hair (83); and we are glad to see again the vigorous little maiden "crossing the brook with her struggling curly haired dog" (57). The Marquis of Lansdowne sends the celebrated portrait of Sterne (65), his head against his hand; and one of John Denis, the first Marquis of Sligo (127), is lent by the present possessor of the title.

Reynolds's rivals, Gainsborough and Romney, are also well represented—the former by the ever welcome "Mall in St. James's Park" (4), so charmingly described by Hazlitt as "all in a motion and flutter, like a lady's fan." Lord Howe sends a full-length portrait of his ancestor, the Admiral (70), grave and manly, and full of reserved thought and power, which worthily occupies the centre of the north wall of the great room. Sir Richard Garth is to be congratulated on the possession of the finely sketched head of Mrs. Lowndes Stone (84), in which for once the artist seems to have caught something of Romney's feeling; and Mr. E. L. Raphael's Hon. Mrs. Fane (86), though rather dirty in the shadows, is a sweet and desirable possession. Mr. Colquhoun's landscape (98) looks rich behind its glass, but it is difficult to get more than an impression of it; and Miss Ethel Mortlock's brilliant landscape, with cattle on a bridge, deserves a note, if only for its curious composition.

Romney is seen in all his moods. His fine feeling for beauty, and also something of his artificial fancy, is seen in the charming, if rather affected, portrait of Mrs. Jordan, belonging to Mr. Cuthbert Quilter (20); the arms are beautifully drawn. Lady Hamilton we have, of course, now as "Miranda" (8), and now as "Euphrosyne," two seraphic heads only, belonging to Mr. J. Whitehead. Of a more simple charm is the rapid and masterly sketch of Lady Sligo (125), lent by the present marquis. Of Romney's children there are also some delightful examples, "simplex munditiis" as only his children are. The Rev. E. Wickham's Miss F. Sage (99), though her flesh looks a little rough and red, as it sometimes does in Romney's work, is charmingly fresh and natural in her pretty white satin frock; and of the two boys it is difficult to choose between the little man in brown, lent by Mr. G. E. B. Eyre (138), and the younger John Fane, in white frock and red shoes, which Lord Burton sends. The young Lord Burghersh (146), on the other hand, is a failure. Two portraits, said to be of the artist, by himself, are also there. One, a head, pale and thoughtful (81), belongs to Mr. J. Whitehead; the other, a three-quarter length bending forward on a raised knee with a palette and brushes in his left hand, is vigorous and carefully modelled, but rather hard. It is lent by Mr. Humphrey Ward (151). Of the other portrait painters, Hudson is represented by a portrait of Anne, Countess of Devonshire—very stiff and stately, with a coronet on a gilded console table—a

good example of the condition of English portrait painting between Kneller and Reynolds. There are also some portraits by Opie, Hoppner, Lawrence, Cotes, Sir W. Beechey, Raeburn, and Wright of Derby, which we must leave unnoticed, at least for the present.

As there is a query affixed in the catalogue to the name of the painter of the very characteristic and interesting little portrait of Samuel Richardson the novelist, which is lent by Sir John Neeld, and it is not on record that Hogarth ever painted the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, we may be pardoned for not accepting the ascription; and we confess to have considerable doubt as to whether Hogarth had any hand in painting the lanky and ill-proportioned but spirited figures in that view of Spencer House, with the Green Park and its square pond, which is lent by Earl Spencer, and charms us by its pleasant primness and stiff fidelity. If it be by him, he has based his landscape on the clear, quaint, and, in its way, admirable art of Samuel Scott, his friend, whose delightful view of the Thames (172) forms such an excellent pendant to this "Spencer House." Not better drawn, but more characteristic of Hogarth in the incorrectness of its drawing, is Mrs. Wollaston's "conversation piece" of the Thornhill family (102) (How we wish that Mr. Armstrong had told us who the different members were! Is not even Mrs. Hogarth to be identified?); and the same sense of authenticity accompanies Mrs. Gough Nicholl's "Musical Study: Handel at the Organ, with Portraits of Farinelli, Mrs. Foxe Lane, and a Family of Distinction in Cheshire" (116). Doubt again creeps in when we look at Mr. C. Morrison's "The Punch Club" (103)—though not for the same reason—for this is evidently a version of one of Hogarth's best-known compositions—the "Midnight Modern Conversation." But of all the Hogarths, the only one which at all represents his maturer skill is Mr. John Murray's "The Beggars' Opera" (9). Other versions of this subject exist. Two were shown at the Grosvenor last year—one belonging to the Duke of Leeds and the other to Mr. Louis Huth; but there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of this.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE DIPTYCH IN THE STUART EXHIBITION.

London: Jan. 26, 1889.

In none of the notices of this fine picture (including the detailed and interesting one in the ACADEMY of January 19) is there any reference to the fact that fifteen years ago the commonly assigned date (1484), and the attribution of one of the portraits, that of James IV., were challenged by a very able critic—the late David Laing, LL.D., of the Signet Library, Edinburgh—on strong historical grounds.

Mr. Laing was chiefly instrumental in getting it restored to Edinburgh in 1857 by the Queen's command, and contributed a short paper to the *Proceedings of the Scottish Antiquaries* in that year (vol. iii.), principally to record the grounds on which Her Majesty had directed its restoration, after an absence of about three hundred years. He did not then question the date, first assigned by Pinkerton in his *Iconographia Scotica* (1797), or the description there of the personages represented. But sixteen years later he came to the conclusion that the painting must be twelve or fourteen years earlier than 1484, and that the young prince represented was not the future James IV.; and he contributed a supplementary paper to the *Scottish Antiquaries' Proceedings* in 1873 (vol. x., p. 310), giving full reasons for his opinion. I will briefly re-state these historical points, having

myself been obliged to study the period closely, as I think that the conclusions of such a man as David Laing—not only a historical antiquary of the first rank, but a good judge of art as well—should not be passed over lightly.

Mr. Laing said (1) such a painting must have had some definite object in its composition. Now, from 1478 or 1479 till his melancholy death at Sauchieburn in 1488, James III. was embroiled, first with his brothers Albany and Mar, and then with his nobles and people; and, during this era of ten years, there was no conceivable reason why such a painting should have been executed; (2) the youth of the two principal figures, the king and queen. Both are apparently under twenty, the queen considerably less, and both far too young to be the parents of the boy of fourteen or fifteen kneeling behind the king.

James III., the survivor of twin brothers, was born in the castle of St. Andrews between January 7 and 22, 1452-3, and was married to Margaret of Denmark in July, 1469, at the age of seventeen, the queen being four or five years younger. Their eldest son, afterwards James IV., was born on March 20, 1472-3. No one can look at the two figures, the king and young prince kneeling behind him, and believe that a difference of twenty years existed in their respective ages, or that the youthful queen was the young prince's mother. Mr. Laing, therefore, did not hesitate to suggest that the painting was intended to commemorate the marriage and coronation of the youthful queen in July, 1469, and possibly might have taken a twelvemonth or more before completion. It served the twofold purpose (1) of an altar piece for Trinity College Kirk, and (2) to connect the marriage ceremonial with its consecration. Sir Edward Boncle (not Boukil), the first provost, and confessor of the late queen mother, Mary of Gueldres, its foundress, who died in 1463, offers a soul-mass at the high altar, near which she was buried. The kneeling youth is probably Alexander, Duke of Albany, next brother of the king, who, having been born in 1454, was in 1469 fourteen or fifteen years old, just the age he appears to be in the painting.

I have confined myself strictly to historical points, not touching on the art question—for anyone with an eye, though not an artist, can judge of the respective ages of the figures; but I may say that Mr. Laing pronounced for Hugo van der Goes having been the painter, which he could not have been on the theory of its execution in 1484. I was much struck with Mr. Phillips's analysis and suggestion that the panel with Sir Edward Boncle's portrait, was of earlier date than the others, in a different and higher style of art, and undoubtedly by Van der Goes. It is certainly a noble portrait, and shows a master's hand. The other figures are much stiffer and not so freely or boldly handled, with, perhaps, the exception of St. Andrew. But I may remark that in all these panels, except that of the Trinity, portions of the architecture of the church are given, which are quite recognisable, clearly showing that all have relation to the same subject. One would scarcely think that Sir Edward Boncle would have his likeness painted at an earlier date than those of his royal master and mistress. Yet there is a difference in the work, however it arose.

JOSEPH BAIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that Mr. F. G. Prangé—formerly a prominent member of the fine arts committee of the Liverpool town council, and one of the founders of the Arts Club of that city—will henceforward be associated with Sir Coutts Lindsay as manager of the art department of the Grosvenor Gallery.

THE election of Mr. W. L. Wyllie to the Associateship of the Academy has been something of a surprise. Mr. Wyllie's art is vivacious and generally interesting; but he has hardly shown himself a colourist. We understand that Mr. George Lawson, the sculptor, and Mr. Ernest Waterlow stood next to Mr. Wyllie as to the number of votes obtained, so that Mr. Sergent's claims do not seem to have been very seriously considered, and those of Mr. Albert Moore have long been accustomed to be passed by. Where was Mr. Alfred Hunt too? And where Sir James Linton? We do not speak of the quite young men—Mr. Solomon and Mr. J. J. Shannon. They can quite afford to wait, because it is a certainty, and not a chance, that they wait for.

THE exhibitions to open next week comprise: (1) the annual spring water-colour exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; (2) a series of sketches and drawings of "Sussex Scenery"—painted principally in the neighbourhood of Arundel, Amberley, Bury, Burpham, and Slindon—by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in New Bond Street; and (3) a collection of water-colour drawings of "North Wales Scenery," by Mr. E. P. Bucknall, at the Burlington Gallery, in Old Bond Street.

THE New English Art Club has made arrangements to hold a second exhibition of modern works of art, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Among the successful candidates at the recent election to membership of the society were M. Maurice Lobse and M. Hellen, whose pictures attracted so much attention at the recent pastel exhibition.

MR. W. J. LINTON will deliver a course of Cantor Lectures before the Society of Arts, on "Wood Engraving," on Monday, February 11 and 18. In the first lecture he will trace the history of his subject from the times of the Babylonians and Egyptians to the making of playing-cards. The various forms of block books will be described, and the work of Albert Dürer and his influence on the art of engraving on wood will be discussed. In the second lecture he will deal with Holbein's "Dance of Death," the engravings of Lutzelburger, and other works, leading up to the English schools as represented by Clennell, Bewick, Thompson, and Harvey, and ending with the influence of photography upon the art of wood engraving.

IT is proposed to hold an exhibition of art decoration and art applied to manufactures, during the months of April, May, June, and July of this year, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The exhibition will include tapestry, embroidery, wall-papers, ceramics, wood carving and turning, metal wares, book-binding and art work generally. The object is to make known the many beautiful designs, processes, fabrics, and wares generally, that are now being produced in the United Kingdom; to encourage art workers; to arouse a spirit of emulation among art manufacturers; and to elevate the taste of the public.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES'S new plate—of which four different printings, all in the same proof "state," were exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's on Saturday—is an extremely important dry-point, in which he has translated most delicately into all requisite gradations of "black and white" one of Frans Hals's great Haarlem pictures—the "Banquet of the Officers of Archers." The spiritedness of the translation is that which first of all strikes the observer of the print, so much of the vivacity of this seemingly most energetic and decisive of the Dutch masters being suggested, even at once, by Mr. Menpes's work. And, in truth, that is due to the fact that so very little of the mechanical has entered into any part of this young artist's

labour. Instead of being the translation of a translator, this is the translation of an original practitioner of art, who has his own methods and sees things in his own way. Thus it remains brisk as well as faithful. The plate is not yet finished. Certain work at the side, which looks, in its present state, comparatively flat and dull, will before long be brought up, without doubt, to that standard of brilliancy and expressiveness reached in the centre of the composition. And that standard, as we have already indicated, is exceptionally high. But there is another point of view from which Mr. Menpes's new plate—in its character an unexpected successor of his charming etched visions of Japan—deserves to be regarded. The print is a triumphant vindication of the capacities of dry-point, an eloquent witness to the advantages of this "positive" method, as Mr. Humphry Ward calls it in his little pamphlet. It will surprise many who have seen it when we tell them that it is executed wholly without "biting." Nothing, therefore, of its effect has been left for the artist merely to guess at. He has gone through his performance with a line engraver's certainty, but with more than his spontaneity. Yet again, this dry-point has the advantage of being printed by the artist himself, Mr. Menpes, with his art feeling, being determined to carry out to the full—even to the one hundred and seventy-fifth impression—the principle long ago acted upon, we may be sure, by Rembrandt, and, since then, laid down, and acted upon too, by those distinguished masters, Mr. Whistler and Mr. Seymour Haden.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE will lecture on "Turner and his *Liber Studiorum*" at the Oldham Free Public Library on February 25.

THE STAGE.

"THE MERRY WIVES" AND "HAMLET."

"THE Merry Wives of Windsor"—which has been given lately at the Haymarket at several *matinées*—is now to be transferred, for a while, to "the evening bill." It is a comedy not frequently presented; and a certain curiosity to see it will no doubt be sufficient to fill the theatre during the very few weeks in which it can be played, for Mr Tree has arranged to produce at Easter the new piece by Mr. Henry A. Jones, to which we look forward with interest.

The present performance of "The Merry Wives" is smooth and discreet, rather than brilliant. Mr. Tree's own impersonation of Falstaff is undoubtedly a *tour de force*. The make-up is, as is usual with this actor, quite excellent; and no fault at all is to be found with Mr. Tree's bearing, and very little with his delivery. But of that which Coleridge—was it not?—described as Falstaff's "golden temper," there is, in the impersonation, insufficient evidence. Falstaff, it is true, was rather under a cloud throughout the greater part of the piece: it is elsewhere—it is not in "The Merry Wives"—that he is placed in the circumstances which best develop his natural charm. Yet the very proof of a "golden temper" is that it is charming under other skies than the blue skies of prosperity. Mr. Tree's Falstaff has, of course, to bear disaster and discomfiture reasonably well—or he would not be Shaksperian in the slightest degree. He does, indeed, suggest a pleasant person, and a person too entirely satisfied with himself to

be ever, for any length of time, profoundly dissatisfied with other people. But he is suave rather than genial, agreeable rather than sunny. And, the sunshine of the character being to some extent missed, it is inevitable that a greater emphasis should seem to be placed on all that is coarse and gross. The actor, we are sure, has no intentions of this sort. "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—Heaven knows!—is gross enough in dialogue in any case: so gross that, at the present time of day, no undue violence would be done to Shakspeare by spending a careful five minutes in the moderate Bowdlerisation of the text. But, without any intention whatever of emphasising the coarseness of piece and part, such an impersonation as Mr. Tree is able to present of Falstaff does result in that direction—has unquestionably that tendency. His is a performance which we are glad to have had the opportunity of seeing. It is interesting, and even highly ingenious, though it is far from being ideal.

Three or four actors of position are associated with Mr. Tree in the performance of "The Merry Wives"; but one of them—Mr. Lionel Brough—cannot, it is said, because of other engagements, appear in the evening. There have been occasions when Mr. Brough has been overrated, and it is perfectly possible that his "Host of the Garter" is not very Shaksperian; but it is at least a performance of rollocking force, by an actor not only alive to the opportunities for stage effect, but capable of taking advantage of them. Mr. Kemble, who plays Dr. Caius, is an artist who never disappoints. His personality—his voice, for instance, as a part of it—sets limits, very likely, to his achievements; but never at the Haymarket has he made a failure, and he has made some brilliant successes. The cheery utterance and method of Mr. Righton are of service in the part of Sir Hugh Evans. Mr. Brookfield, as Master Slender, at all events suggests foolishness and emptiness. Mr. Macklin does not take the jealousy of Mr. Ford quite seriously enough. That worthy had, seemingly, good grounds for apprehensions, which were not, we may be certain, entertained in jest. Miss Alice Lingard, who knows her business, and Miss Rose Leclercq, who is wont to have a measure of distinction and of charm, are wanting a little something that it is not quite easy to define—in "colour" I think I must call it—as the Merry Wives. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree—always intelligent and graceful, and with voice "softly freighted"—is seen to some advantage as Anne Page. The part demands, of course, no exhibition whatever of high dramatic qualities; nay, more, it may be rendered rather tepidly, and yet not rendered ill.

The re-appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and especially his re-appearance in "Hamlet," has been the sufficient justification for the withdrawal from the Princess's of a good melodrama, very well acted. The piece which is at once the most profound and the most popular of all Shaksperian tragedies, was played on Monday night, and will be repeated every night next week. This is not the moment for doing more than expressing, in a sentence or two, the satisfaction of the public at Mr. Barrett's return, and the continued excellence of a performance about which, as

the actor reminded us on Monday in his speech, about a mile of printed matter has been written. Mr. Barrett's view of Hamlet is original, shrewd, thoroughly reasonable; and on the stage he carries out his conception with completeness and skill. Of always dignified bearing, and impressive of speech, he is admirable in his suggestions of chivalry and of good fellowship. Nor does the meditative side of the character suffer at all in his hands—whatever may be the case with the purely poetic. But, indeed, the time has gone by for lengthy criticism of a performance so acceptable and so widely accepted. Now, as heretofore, the hand of the chief actor is discernible in the action of the whole play. The representation—albeit not precisely what it was when Mr. Barrett was sole tenant of the theatre—is wonderfully stirring, and, in a good sense, realistic. Miss Eastlake's Ophelia has lost nothing in tenderness, and has perhaps even gained in power. Her mad scenes are (what they have always been) very remarkable studies.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. CHARLES POND'S second recital at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday, January 23, proved very interesting. He disappointed his audience a little by restricting himself entirely to serious subjects. But the rugged force and pathos with which he delivered the third act of "Othello" fully compensated for the absence of lighter fare from the programme. The most interesting feature of the evening's performance was the recitation of two early scenes from "Macbeth," in which Mr. Pond, as the thane, was assisted by Miss Beatrice Lamb, as Lady Macbeth. Miss Lamb has already attracted some attention on the London stage, and we shall be surprised if a wider reputation is not in store for her. She spoke Lady Macbeth's lines with admirable emphasis, and infused into them so much fire and dignity and self control that we should like an opportunity of witnessing her rendering of the whole part. Miss Lamb will read a paper on "Lady Macbeth" at the New Shakspeare Society's meeting on Friday, March 8. Mr. Pond announces two more recitals.

MISS ROBINS, the American actress, whose performance in London we favourably commented upon, was, by a clerical error, in last week's ACADEMY described as "Miss Rivers."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MDLLE. JANOTHA played Schumann's "Carnaval" on Saturday last at the Popular Concert. Her fingers are agile and strong, and many of her intentions are excellent; but why does she hurry so many of the movements? The programme included Beethoven's Quintet in C (Op. 29) and his pianoforte and violin Sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3). Mr. Brereton gave a successful rendering of Purcell's fine song, "Arise, ye subterranean winds" (from "The Tempest").

On the following Monday Miss F. Davies played Schumann's three Fantaisiestücke (Op. 111). The first and second were novelties. No. 3 was given at these concerts eleven years ago. No. 1 is restless and passionate; No. 2, except for a short, vigorous episode, is quiet and melancholy; No. 3 opens with a stirring theme, but the middle section is soft and mysterious. Miss Davies played them exceedingly well. Signor Piatti's new Sonata in F

for violoncello and pianoforte was performed by Miss Davies and the composer. Clearness of form, tuneful and flowing themes, and effective writing for the violoncello are the chief characteristics of this work. It is scarcely necessary to add that it was admirably interpreted by both artists. Miss Margeret Hall sang in place of Miss Liza Lehmann, who was unable to appear. Mdlle. Janottha on Saturday, and Miss Davies on the following Monday, responded to the demand for an encore. They are both favourites with the public, and could afford to set a better example.

Otto Hegner gave the first of three pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. After an excellent performance of Bach's Partita in B flat (not B major, as foolishly announced on the programme) he attempted Beethoven's so-called "Waldstein" Sonata. It needs the hands and the strength of a man to do full justice to such a work. At present it is beyond the powers of little Otto. The performance, however, in spite of shortcomings, was truly wonderful. In the last movement he played with aplomb and brilliancy, and with intelligence far beyond what one would expect from a boy in his teens. In some short pieces by Schumann and Chopin the effect was somewhat spoilt by slow tempi and by over-marking of chords with the left hand. He finished up with Liszt's second Rhapsodie Hongroise, and, of course, astonished the audience. But he might use his gifts to better purpose.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, an American composer, gave a performance on Monday evening at the Prince's Hall of his Bible Opera "Samuel." Spoken declamation is a curious and by no means unsatisfactory feature of the work. The composer announces it as an "Opera," but in another part of the programme it is entitled a "Dialogue-Oratorio"; and the music is certainly of a hybrid character. The big drum plays a prominent part in the orchestra.

Mr. Henschel gave his seventh concert on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hamish MacCunn conducted his clever Overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," and was recalled. Mr. Hans Wesseley played, with fair success, Mr. Henschel's tasteful ballad for violin (Op. 39). Brahms' Symphony in D received a careful interpretation. The programme included Glinka's "Komarinskaya" and Wagner's "Huldigung's Marsch."

We are glad to see so many names of native artists on the programmes of the three Recitals announced by Miss Dora Bright, a student of the Royal Academy of Music, who is herself favourably known as a composer. At the first concert given at the Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Bright played four of Mr. W. Macfarren's new studies, showing vigour and agility. She was likewise successful in two small pieces of her own, and in Grieg's "In der Heimath." But, until she can better control her fingers and her feelings, she ought not to attempt Schumann's Fantaisie in C (Op. 17). The programme commenced with Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ, transcribed by Liszt. Pianists, led away by the interest of the music and the cleverness of the arrangement, seem to forget that the pianoforte is but a sorry substitute for the organ. Bach wrote fugues for both instruments.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. F. H. COWEN'S Cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty," was produced at the Melbourne Exhibition last December. The work and the composer were most favourably received. Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" was repeated at the same concert.

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